

The TATLER

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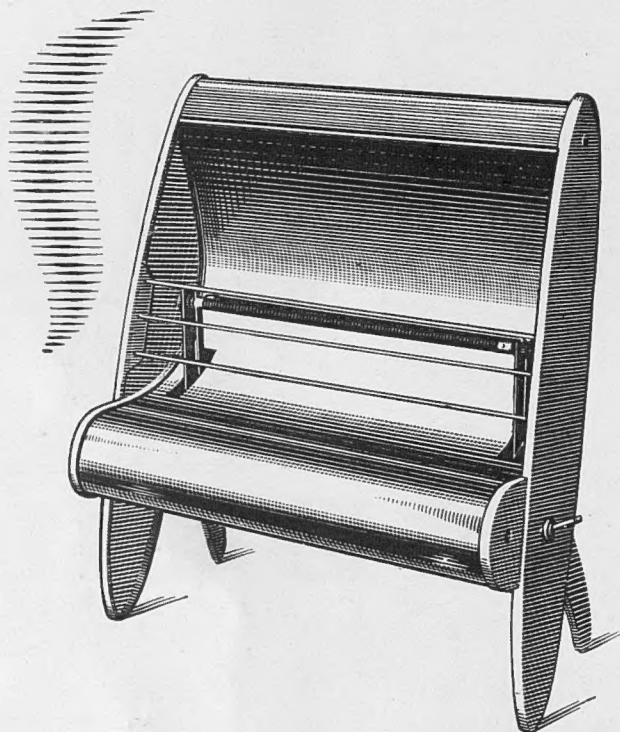
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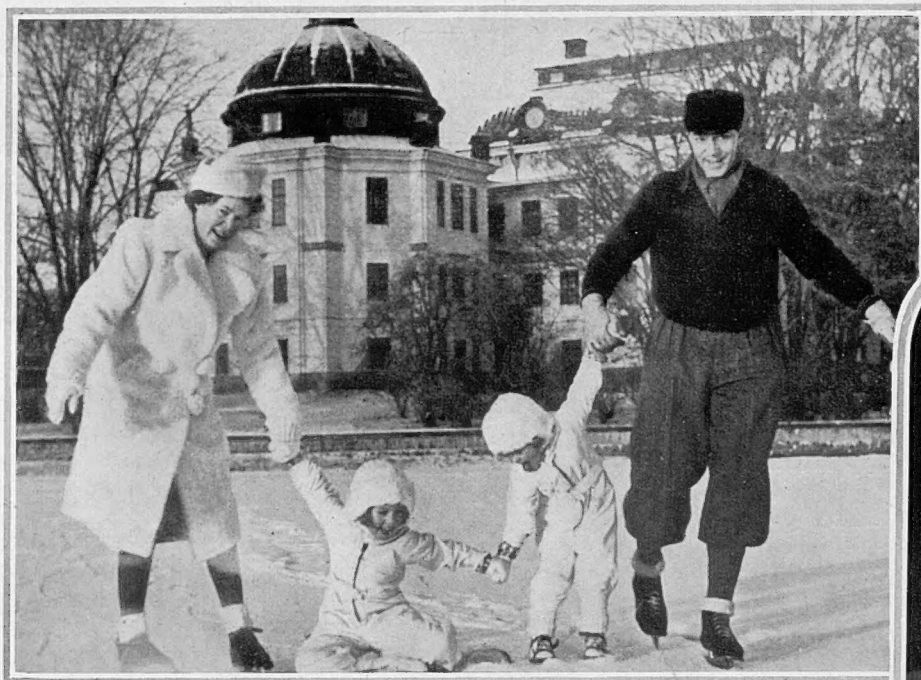
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LADY GLORIA FISHER AND HER DAUGHTER

Lord and Lady Lisburne's elder daughter married Second Lieutenant Nigel Fisher in 1935 and Amanda Gloria Morryth, the other lady in the above picture, is of more or less recent arrival. Mr. Fisher is the son of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, K.C.B., R.N. Lord Lisburne was in the Brigade of Guards and Lady Lisburne is a daughter of Don Julio Britten-court, formerly an attaché of the Chilean Legation in London

And the World Said—



ROYALTY ON ICE IN SWEDEN

Out-of-door skating in England is news (censorable news nowadays, so we are told) but in Scandinavia, home of so many brilliant stars of the ice, it is a regular sport for all from a very early age as is shown by this picture of Prince Gustaf Adolph, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, taking his two children, Princesses Birgitta and Margaretha, and their nurse for a trial trip in front of Drottningholm Castle, near Stockholm

"Such things become the hatch and brood of time"

Henry IV

SMOULDERING discontents and misgivings—only talk at present—carry in *embryo* a cumulative grievance. This is dangerous. A number of men in the R.A.F. are mighty sore—to use their adjective but not their adverb. (Did any service in any age swear with such consummate innocence?) It boils up to this. Before the war A.B. and C. had retired from the R.A.F. and were no longer on the Reserve. Returning promptly from the ends of the earth, though under no immediate obligation, they found themselves demoted to the ranks. After four months they are still struggling to keep up middle-class appearances on working-class pay. If they or their wives have not got private incomes it is just too bad. What sickens far more than the social and financial aspects is the sight of flight lieutenants and flying officers, who only joined in September, dazzling the niteries while on leave from the balloons and other side-lines, whereas A.B. and C. have fourteen thousand hours between them. They challenge Sergeant "Bobby" Perkins, flying Member for Stroud, stout fellow, and pre-war Imperial Airways inquisitor, to aeriate this personnel question. The scrimshanker question will, I fear, never be answered. There is a gathering *strafe* against the bogus soldiers of Whitehall who are all dressed up but have no intention of going dangerous places. In the last war the Guards Division sent home from



THE HON. MRS. RUPERT MITFORD AND HER SON, CLEM

A recent and most attractive study of the widow of Lord Redesdale's youngest brother, and her son. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Mitford is the daughter of the late Commander Gerald Talbot Napier, R.N. Clement, her son, was born in 1932. The Hon. Rupert Mitford was one of the R.N.V.R. victims of the siege of Antwerp in the last war and was interned in Holland for the duration



M. AND MME ALEXANDER KERENSKY

This picture, taken in New York, is of the head of the short-lived Russian Provisional Government which held power from the Tsar's abdication in February, 1917 until the Bolshevik rising in October of the same year. Madame Kerensky is Australian-born and was married a short while ago. M. Kerensky is at present on a lecturing tour in the eastern states of America

France the names of officers in the brigade soldiering indefinitely in England, and a forceful description of an imaginary routine prescribed for these "Storm Troopers" during an imaginary attack on the German lines. This list decorated the Guards Club for twenty-four hours. From the First Guards. I hear there was good skating over Christmas, and that "pictures in the illustrated papers of all the various women's organizations usually manage to raise a laugh!" They are most comfortably installed. But some gunners with the B.E.F. need socks, mittens and pullovers (in that order) as they are intensely cold and short of comforts. Please send to Mrs. David Wolfe Murray, 45c Cromwell Road, S.W.7, who is collecting for "Fish-Hawk's" battery, he being her artist husband

whose bird pictures and nature books decorate many country homes. If you need wool write to her for it.

* * *

Stalemate on the front and rationing in G.B. are the enemy's aces. The Government's weak psychology and lack of imagination depresses everybody. They should have tried voluntary rationing and insisted on voluntary A.R.P. for economy and to prevent us from becoming more spoon fed than ever. (Why should wardens receive over three times as much as soldiers? N.B. In Chief Warden "Reggie" Garnett's division there are only eight paid wardens out of sixty-eight.) People do not want to be treated as sensitive plants, overcorseted; home and foreign truths withheld. The Government is behaving like a tea cosy and damper combined, creating by suggestion a state of nerves alien to British phlegm. In spite of the censorship which wisely prevents newspapers from forecasting the weather (they so seldom got it right) we can still grumble about our climate and about another local phenomenon—the B.B.C., vigorously attacked by Lord Donegall on behalf of the B.E.F. In a recent news bulletin Major-General H. L. Ismay and Lord Dunglass were mispronounced in the same sentence. If the announcers were simple backwoodsmen no one could object, but our "refained" Haw-Haws should improve their imitations of the Etonian intonation, or be themselves—suburbia will not hear the difference. Did you hear Stanley Holloway's hundred per cent imitation of Haw-Haw? In the same cabaret programme a girl put over a song bemoaning the surreptitious nature of her lover's visits. Beatrice Lillie would make this theme excruciatingly funny, therefore harmless. Sung straight it was an argument in favour of compelling every one over sixteen to read the preface to "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The owner of Radio Luxembourg, Captain Leonard Plugge, recently swarmed the sooty flag pole of the Park Lane Hotel to fix an aerial for Major Gwilym Lloyd George, now convalescent there after a long illness during which regular inquirers included Sydney Howard the comedian and London-Welsh lads from the battery Major Lloyd George raised at the beginning of the war. He knows all their family histories. Such community feeling as exists among the Welsh is growing rare in a London "now expanded into a concentration camp much too big for any civic consciousness" to quote G.B.S. on the projected national theatre—yet another fair prospect frozen

indefinitely. Shaw's *Major Barbara* is filling the Westminster Theatre with audiences whose average age is under twenty-five and over fifty. It is the same at the Proms. On the whole Noel Coward's generation seeks to be amused rather than exercised on Olympian heights by argument or music. Written in 1905, *Major Barbara* is redolent of 1940 with its aerial battle-ships, ethics of the armament race and

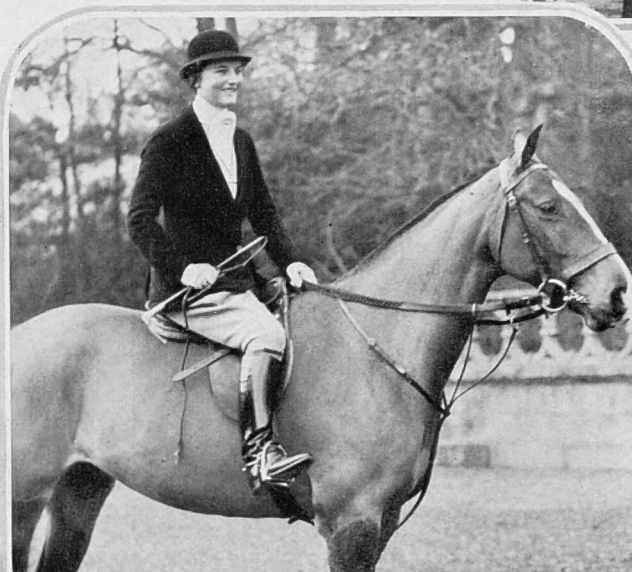


Holloway

AT THE OPENING OF
TOWCESTER'S NEW LUXURY
CINEMA

Lady Revelstoke (left) and Margaret Lady Langford leaving a new luxury cinema at Towcester, Northants, built by Lord Hesketh (Lady Revelstoke's father) who also owns the now well-known Towcester race-course. Lady Revelstoke and Lady Langford had just attended the first performance in the cinema to which many well-knowns in Northamptonshire had been invited

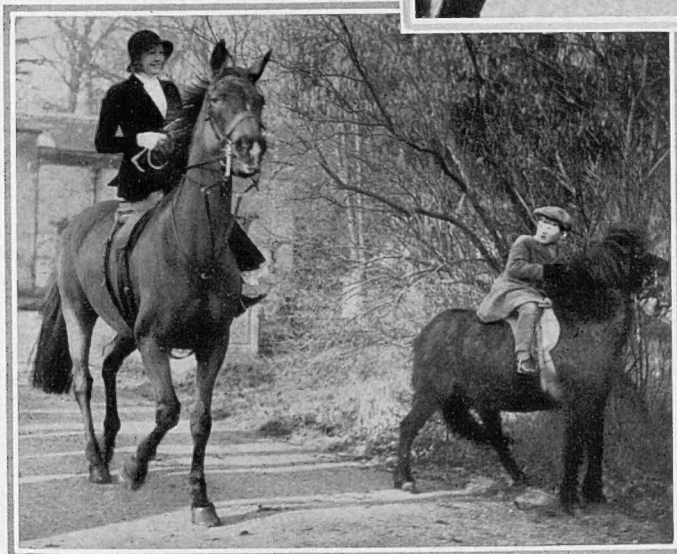
hypothesis of poverty as a national crime, not merely a misfortune. Jean Cadell excels as the unsympathetic dowager. In the film version, now shooting, Marie Löhr takes this part, while Jean plays "Rummy" the charwoman. Scots who collected brilliant "Bunty" Cadell's pictures will be interested to hear that nephew John is carrying on the Cadell name, training for the stage while waiting to be called up. With theatres doing so well, new restaurants are opening; Edward Cooper of the *Little Revue* is singing at a new *boîte*, the Flagship, off Leicester Square, and a new cocktail snack bar called the Vanity Fair Club faces Sartori's Coq d'Or. Appraising its delightful Edwardian murals and decorative scheme in which a new parquet made of compressed Portuguese cork has been used to advantage, were the Mexican Consul-General, Senor de Negri, and his wife who looks like bright-eyed Ethel Merman, now starring in New York's smash hit by Cole Porter called *Du Barry Was A Lady* which, in Guitry's *Remontons les Champs-Élysées*, she is not. Others there were Mrs. Cecil Brownhill who would have been at Newbury, bar frost; Lady Victor Paget; Walford Haydn who is remembered by the older generation of *balletomanes* as Pavlova's musical director, and Sir Donald (Empire League) Simpson. The Ritz Abri *clientèle*, mainly feminine and Household Brigade, reinforced by George Monkland and "Freddy" Proctor in grey waistcoats, includes Mrs. Michael



Poole, Dublin

LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON

A snapshot taken the day of the after the hunt ball meet of the Bray Harriers. The fixture was at the Earl of Meath's Wicklow seat, Kilruddery. Lady Maureen Brabazon is Lord and Lady Meath's elder daughter and is on a short spell of hunting leave from war work in England



DIGNITY AND—OTHERWISE !

The small boy and also his woolly pony were overwhelmed by the appearance from round the corner of Lady Melchett and her almost equally nice-looking hunter. It was the day the Oakley met at Colworth, Lord Melchett's Bedfordshire seat. He was joint-Master of the Oakley 1935 to 1938

And the World said—*continued*

Stratton ("Annie" of the exquisite complexion), Mrs. Ken Homan, Derek Blyth, "Pat" Anderson (on leave), his ever-lovely wife, and four Canadian corporals. The Andersons had been to Rector's the night before where they found three Canadian captains on the mat remarking sourly, "We've come over to fight for you and you won't let us into your ruddy night clubs." Naturally "Pat" saw them through, and they joined the Andersons, the Roper-Caldbecks and that popular winter-sports girl Miss Nancy Frazer. Moral for Mayfair—make sure Canadians and Australians are getting a hand. Luigi's continues packed night and lunch. Miss Gipsy Lawrence up from the country, Mrs. Harriet Harriman (who to her friends' amazement has taken to chopping wood in the country), Lieutenant Michael Weaver, Mrs. Janet Montagu, Lord Brougham and Mrs. Cecil Pim were there the same day. Lord Brougham is one of Colonel Pim's budding captains. Cecil is recovering from the blackout accident in which he was badly cut. Blackout mortalities include John Ayscough the twenty-nine-year-old artist who

painted so wittily and had innumerable gifted friends, and Robinson the elderly starter at Deauville and St. Cloud. Many golfers, including "Joe" Fairlie's crowd, will miss him. This sad news reaches me from Bordighera where Robinson's former chief, Major "Jack" Gillespie, is convalescing after an operation instead of sojourning in Jamaica, where a hurricane has disposed of all the bananas and most of the coconuts on the "Bunt" Peases' plantation. Their isolated beach, way beyond Montego Bay, was lent to the Duke and Duchess of Kent on their honeymoon, five years ago. Nassau, where they are canning tomatoes for the B.E.F., has no lack of American tourists brought by a new boat service from Miami. The "king" of Nassau, Sir Harry Oakes, has been playing polo-golf, his own invention, and Mr. "Fred" Sigrist, who had to leave England owing to severe asthma, is fishing. His wife stayed at home, for the happiest of reasons. A Nassau couple made the headlines during the *Athenia* tragedy; Mr. and Mrs. Wenner-Gren, who live on Hog Island and aboard their yacht *Southern Cross*, took a heroic part in the rescue operations. Another "real" person in the Bahamas is Mrs. Blodget, an energetic Bostonian who is reorganizing the island's industries, which up to the outbreak of war had been neglected for the tourist racket. She has settled on the island of Eleuthera (adjoining land bought by Rosita Forbes last year), and is teaching the natives to make decorations, ornaments and what shops call

"novelties" from the natural resources of seashore and wild hinterland. Already a handbag company in New York has bought the entire island "line" for 1940. It sounds as if the adjective "Bahamian" will soon have Tyrolean implications, especially as they are making hats of sisal plant, dyed to suit the belles of New York, who still lunch at the Colony, which seems more like the Paris Ritz than ever, owing to the number of European-Americans who returned because, to parody Mr. Chamberlain's classic phrase, they would rather not be bored or bombed. Mrs. Hubert Martineau was seen there, also the St. Moritz sk-ier from Minnesota, "Dickie" Parke, talking to Mrs. John Moffat who is working with Mrs. Seton Porter (formerly Mrs. H. H. Harjes, another St. Moritzer) at an organization which sends parcels to the French Army. The fascinating Fern Moffat is also on the Committee of Mercy, collecting money and comforts for Polish and Finnish refugees. Not content with these efforts, she is raising funds for the Lafayette Preventorium which takes care of four hundred delicate children at her husband's *château* near Vichy. New York worships Gertrude Lawrence in *Skylark*, an inferior play about a wife who tries to flirt with her husband. (The big critics still frequent Jack and Charlies' "21" where blondes are heard to say they adore Nature, especially orchids.) Chicago was crazy about John Barrymore in a still weaker rôle which he played differently every night; giving one entire performance from an armchair upstage. And Hollywood is fascinated by itself; viz., the rush to pay six dollars a seat at *Gone With the Wind*. Give me a one-and-sixpenny in the gallery at Wyndham's any night, even twice a night; thence to look steeply upon the best set in London, with Gordon Harker and the excellent cast engaged in finding a murderer under their Cockney noses in the *Saloon Bar*. The audience is as English as the play which could be re-cast, without much difficulty, from the gallery, beginning with the barmaid-cum-programme-seller of the gods who is a character qualified to understudy Miss Anna Konstam's barmaid on the stage. This young actress is "Bunny" Austin's sister-in-law, which brings me to "Billie" Yorke, who is a warden in London, where she defies the winter in a collegiate fur coat and snow boots, and to Betty Nuthall who is helping to manage a new tennis club in Palm Springs, California, where the swimming pool is fed from the melted snows of San Jacinto via the Tanquitz creek, once an Indian trail. A Cahuilla Indian, aged 126, who remembered the 1833 meteor, has just succumbed near Palm Springs, where Alice

Marble has been playing at this new club, of which H. C. "Bart" Marshall and "Eddie" Goulding are founder members. These successful exiles approve the English bowling green—an innovation and a horticultural achievement in the desert. The club is to have a trout stream stocked with rainbow transported from the San Bernadino mountains, which rim the painted desert like rolls of corrugated cardboard, shaded with purple ink. And when they have caught their trout, these fresh-air carefree are going to grill them on a charcoal fire in the rocks, close to Garbo's little white holiday house. I trust the smell will not offend her expressive nostrils.



LADY JULIET DUFF
(THE QUEEN) AND
MR. DONALD MASTERS
(THE KING) IN
"HEIL CINDERELLA"

Owing to Lady Pembroke being suddenly stricken with 'flu and unable to play the Queen in this amusing pantomime, Lady Juliet Duff gallantly came to the rescue and was so word-perfect that the voice of the prompter was never heard. The production was in aid of the Comforts for the Troops' Fund. Some more pictures of *Heil Cinderella* appear on page 46 in this issue



IN THE AUDIENCE: LORD AND LADY KINROSS

Who went down to Wilton specially to be present at the performance of *Heil Cinderella* and had as their fellow-passenger Mr. John Sutro who wrote a number of the political and topical lyrics, each one of which hit the mark with precision. Mr. Cecil Beaton was part author

MISS
SUSAN BLIGH
DOING
HER BIT
WITH THE
RED CROSS

The Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh's younger daughter, like so many other young patriots, is doing the weary job of waiting for that *Blitzkrieg*, which we were so sure would be hurled at us immediately on the outbreak. Standing by is far more wearisome than active service. Miss Susan Bligh's elder sister, Jasmine, was one of the two television announcers at Alexandra Palace before those operations were suspended when this quaint war started

Bertram Park, Dover Street



THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

The Past Year's Films



MIRIAM HOPKINS IN "THE OLD MAID"

After an absence of two years, which is just that period too long, this charming young actress comes back to us in this film to be presented at the Warner Theatre next Friday, January 12. Bette Davis co-starring as the other sister who is in love with the same man, Clem, played by George Brent. The period, the American Civil War, and the real story starts after Clem has been killed at Vicksburg, leaving a little daughter by Charlotte, who is played by that other great star Bette Davis

AT this time of year the correct or at least the expected thing is to write an article entitled "The Year's Best Films." And at once the old, old question has to be asked—Best films for whom? Which brings me still nearer to first principles when one begins to ask oneself—What is a good film, and what is a bad? Let me deal with the bad films first. From my point of view any film is a bad one which is carried out in any kind of colour process. I just do not believe and will not be brought to believe that the world is a mass of gamboge, crimson lake and prussian blue. Again, any film is bad to my eyes and ears in which the heroine either (a) is under the age of fourteen or (b) yodels. It is bad if it contains scenes from American college life and if anybody mentions the words "campus" or "co-ed." It is bad for me if it contains Miss Blank bawling "Caro Nome" at the top of voice and staircase. Bad if it contains Miss Dash showing the whites of her eyes like a horse about to kick. Bad if it has actual shots made during the last war. Bad if the incidents of a world war are used to illustrate (a) the love of a brigadier's daughter for her father's batman, or (b) the passion of a high-souled Oxford youth for a young lady in the Armentières district who badly needs reclaiming. Bad if the principal actor is (a) the propeller of an aeroplane or (b) a banjo. Bad if it romantically shows Frédéric Chopin caressing Georges Sand with one hand and dedicating a nocturne to the Countess Poliatowski with the other. Bad if it still more romantically shows Beethoven writing sonatas in the moonlight. Bad if it sings as it goes. Bad if it is never done dancing. Bad if it is monotonously all about the raw earth of Turkestan, Moldavia or Tartary. Bad if it is a spy film or a gangster film with a plot so complicated that you have to go three times before you are able to unravel it. Bad if there is too much emphasis on the costumes. Bad if the whole film is an orgy of wiggery.

It was this last which put me against the film called *Stagecoach*, selected by my eminent colleague, Miss Dily

Powell, as the first of the year's ten best films. To me this film was unsatisfactory because I did not feel that I was living in its period. To me the whole thing was no more real than if it had been a costume event at the Olympia Horse Show or an advertisement in Mills's Circus. There was one scene in which men on horseback were supposed to overtake the stagecoach and attack it. The scene lasted some ten minutes, and it ended, as readers will remember, with the stagecoach shaking off her pursuers. But since a man on a horse is bound to travel faster than any coach, all that we saw was the spectacle of horsemen galloping furiously to catch up with the coach and then "pulling" their horses to allow the coach to get ahead again. Next in order Miss Powell placed *La Femme du Boulanger*. Here we nearly agree, and this is quite natural as Miss Powell and I are probably the only two film critics who have a fluent knowledge of Provençal! Third, *Professor Mamlock*. To which I say—nonsense! If Miss Powell can put her hand on her heart and swear that at any moment in this film she knew who were the Jews and who the Jew-baiters, I will give her the best possible lunch at Boulestin's. Fourth, *Hostages*. And I again agree. Fifth, *Les Gens du Voyage*. Again correct. Sixth, seventh and eighth places are given by Miss Powell to *Wuthering Heights*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, and *On the Night of the Fire*, three admirable films none of which I would place in my own list. Ninth, *The Marx Brothers at the Circus*. This I missed. And tenth, *La Bête Humaine*—a choice which to me is like putting *Hamlet* at the bottom of any list of Shakespeare's best plays. Note, however, that Miss Powell, who is a critic to her fingertips, has not chosen one bad film and that our differences are merely in the order in which we both admire the same film.

And now in case the subject interests the reader—though I don't see why it should—here are my ten best films of the year:

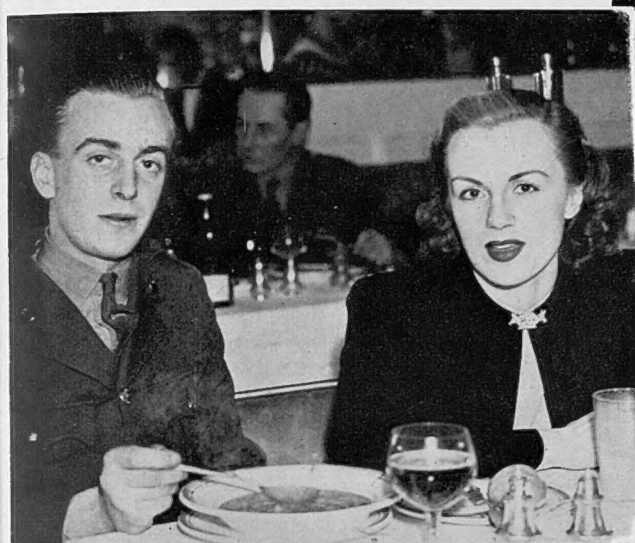
1. *QUAI DES BRUMES* (French).
2. *LE PATRIOTE* (French).
3. *LA BÊTE HUMAINE* (French).
4. *HOSTAGES* (French).
5. *LES GENS DU VOYAGE* (French).
6. *LA FEMME DU BOULANGER* (French).
7. *DARK VICTORY* (American).
8. *ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER* (American).
9. *THE LION HAS WINGS* (English).
10. *A GIRL MUST LIVE* (English).

The five best performances to my way of thinking are, in this order: Harry Baur in *Le Patriote*, Bette Davis in *Dark Victory*, Jean Gabin in *Quai des Brumes* and in *La Bête Humaine*, and Mickey Rooney in the Hardy picture.

The latest French film, *Remontons les Champs-Élysées* at the Academy is the history of the famous Parisian thoroughfare. It goes without saying that since M. Sacha Guitry has made the film and acts throughout that it is bursting with wit and charm. Unfortunately the plot is a little muddled since the course of French history, which is enormously interesting but already sufficiently complicated, is continually interrupted by the story of a private family in which I for one can take no interest whatever. Of the latest film at the Warner, *Each Dawn I Die*, I am bound to say that here again the story is far too complicated. This is all about one of those American ex-gangsters who inside a gaol execute prodigies of magnanimity, finally dying in order that another convict can get out of gaol and live a sweeter and a purer life fortified by the photograph of the ex-gangster in the days of his first innocence! Messrs. James Cagney and George Raft, enjoying themselves hugely, make us enjoy ourselves hugely. For the whole thing is, of course, exciting enough while it lasts and before we begin to disentangle it all on the way home.

WHEN WARTIME

LONDON DINES



THE HON. MICHAEL ASTOR
AND MISS PEGGY HAMILTON



LORD AND LADY GEORGE
SCOTT



MRS. HARRIS WITH
MAJOR LORD SCARSDALE



LADY IRENE HAIG AND
LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH



MISS MURIEL WATSON
WITH SIR NEVILLE PEARSON



LORD AND LADY EBURY
TRANSFIXED BY THE CAMERA

These pictures of when the "Lion Has Dinner," were collected from many of the smart rallying points on London's Western Front, the Café de Paris, the Mayfair, Quaglino's and so forth, and though outside it may be dark it is as bright as the dawn in. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Francis, she being formerly that popular personality Miss Sunny Jarman, and Mr. and Mrs. Currie were at the Café de Paris. Mrs. Francis took a chance with the submarines and came over from the States so that her boys could have their Christmas in England, and Mr. and Mrs. Currie were fellow passengers. Lord and Lady Ebury were at Quaglino's, and he is now in a famous regiment, and Lord George Scott, whose wife is the



MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS AND
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM CURRIE

former Miss Molly Bishop the talented young artist, is in another equally famous one. Sir Neville Pearson and Admiral Sir Hugh Watson's daughter were shot by the camera more or less recently at the Mayfair. Lady Irene Haig and Lord Andrew Cavendish also in the war paint of a distinguished unit of the British Army, were at the Café de Paris, he being the Duke of Devonshire's younger son. Lord Scarsdale was originally a Scots Grey, but later became a gunner, and he and Mrs. Harris were ensconced at Quaglino's, and lastly the Hon. Michael Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's third son, seen at Quaglino's with Miss Peggy Hamilton, was posted from the General List T.A. to the unit with which he is now serving

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

cases of insubordination are very rare, though I did hear tell of one little thing being given three days C.B. (confined to Boudoir) for refusal to carry out an order, the exact nature of which I am unable to divulge, lest I offend against the Secrets Act.

The light of my own little home, otherwise the Mem, will shortly, I understand, become a qualified nurse. Every morning she practises, and I have to stand up in the icy cold while she points out the various parts of my anatomy, calling them by the most high-sounding names. I had never thought of myself on those lines before, and I have almost developed a superiority complex. ("Almost" is the operative word.) The other evening I noticed that wide and still unlined brow, creased with a dozen wrinkles as she concentrated on a manual of first aid. Fearing that too much study might result in a breakdown I gently relieved her of this tome of learning, and was rewarded by an hour's delicious reading. I make no apology for quoting verbatim some of the passages which particularly tickled my fancy.

Sprained Knee.—Symptoms.

(a) Pain.

(b) Inability to move the knee freely.

In severe cases of broken back or neck. *Treatment.*—"Ask how the injury occurred and this will give you some clue to the nature of the injury."

I was particularly interested to learn that the causes of fainting are fatigue, fright, severe emotion, pain, loss of blood and breathing stuffy air in a badly ventilated room. That being the case I can't imagine how I've ever managed to visit a night club without passing out, because, with the possible exception of loss of blood, I have evinced all these symptoms at every visit to one of these haunts of vice and degradation. (See "Our Fight Against Sin," by Harbord and Gilbey. Vol. III, page 671.)

Quite unable to put the Mem's first-aid manual down, once I had picked it up, I was keenly interested to read that suffocation may be the result of obstruction in the windpipe, immersion of the head under the water (sometimes called drowning), strangulation and hanging under certain conditions.

Should you find your boy friend or girl friend, as the case may be, strung up by the neck on your return from the *Four Hundred* one night, you may be interested to know that you should "call for help," "with or without help endeavour to cut the rope," "free the neck," "perform artificial respiration."

I was again reminded what death traps our night clubs are, when I read a chapter headed "Smoke," which began: "If any one breathes

in a large quantity of smoke, he may collapse and quick removal to save his life is necessary."

Finally, I read that "if you are in any doubt as to whether the patient is alive or dead, always assume he is alive."

Q. G.



AT BALDOYLE'S NEW YEAR MEETING

Lord Charles Cavendish, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort (top of the trainers' list many a time) and Miss Archiebella Mackintosh in between races at the excellent jumping meeting where they had an average of over a dozen starters in every contest. Over here at the moment we are frozen out

LAST week I touched lightly on the magnificent work our gallant little women were doing in our fight against Hitlerism. This week I wish to pay my sincere tribute to the inspiring work of the M.O.H. (making officers happy) movement. There are various specialized branches of this great army of enthusiasts, such as the M.T.O.H. (making Tank officers happy), but no matter to what unit they may belong, reports are continually reaching me of the fearless work of these little women who are prepared to sacrifice all, so that our gallant officers may not fall victims to that war weariness which can so swiftly injure the moral of even the bravest men.

The work is entirely voluntary, but hot meals at Quag's are always acceptable and there's nothing in the rules of the organization to suggest that any worker would lose her amateur status should a very happy officer bung her a small cheque around Christmas and birthdays. I was having a drink the other evening with a most gallant little woman who proudly showed me her Versatility Badge, and she explained to me that she was now eligible for what she described as the staff college of the movement. These highly specialized ladies eventually join the select band headed by censored, censored, censored, who M.O.V.H. (make officers very happy). Two of the instructors at this college are, I understand, matrons who reside not a thousand miles from "Somewhere," and will give courses in the famous taxi technique, which the German women would give their souls to possess. This great secret, which is doing so much to help us win the war, was invented by a French lady in Paris between the Ritz bar and the Gare du Nord. The Leicestershire ladies, having hunted from childhood under Toby, are accustomed to strict discipline and



Photo: Poole, Dublin
LADY RATHDONNELL AND MISS DIANA
DREW ALSO AT BALDOYLE

Miss Drew is Lady Rathdonnell's younger sister and they are the daughters of the late Mr. John Malcolm Drew of Eversley, Westmorland. Lady Rathdonnell hunts with the Carlow, and Lisnavagh, Lord Rathdonnell's seat, is one of their favourite trysts

ON THE WESTERN HOME FRONT



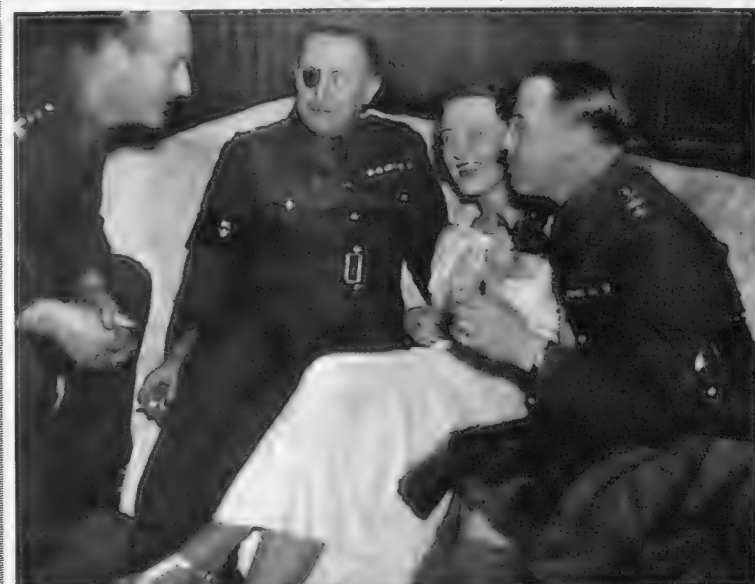
LORD AND LADY RAGLAN'S NEW YEAR PARTY

The house-party at Cefntilla in which the names are: (seated) The Hon. Mrs. Richard Birdwood with her son, Mark; the Hon. FitzRoy Somerset, Miss Sonia Birdwood, Lady Raglan, the Hon. Geoffrey Somerset, and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Somerset; (standing) the Hon. Cecily Somerset, the governess, the nurse, the Hon. Janetta Somerset, Captain the Hon. Arthur Somerset, and Colonel Lord Raglan



AT THE GELLYGAER HUNT BALL

F./O. Muddings, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, and Mr. H. L. Lang-Coath, M.F.H.



Also Major Sir William Cope, Mrs. Scully, Miss Cope, Captain Coleman, and Lieut.-Col. C. S. Nicholl; and (below) Major H. C. Fitzgerald, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. D. G. C. Murphy, and Lieut. P. Fisher

Photos: Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE GELLYGAER BALL

Captain P. Donner, Lieut.-Col. S. Naylor, Miss Slade, and Captain A. A. Fraser

All not quite so quiet on our Western Front, because Lord and Lady Raglan's New Year party was exceptionally cheery, and so was the Gellygaer Hunt Ball at the St. Mellon's Country Club, near Cardiff. This hunt has taken the place of the Tredegar pack, which was disbanded a short time ago, to everyone's regret. Mr. Lang-Coath, the Master, seen in the picture with that famous racing motorist, Mrs. Victor Bruce, is rated one of the best judges of a hunter in this country. The Army supplied a good many of the fantastic-toers. Sir William Cope is an ex-Yeoman, and also the former Member for Llandaff and Barry. Lord Raglan recently gave up a job at the M.O.I. as a protest against what he considered a scandalous waste of public money. Cefntilla Court, Lord Raglan's seat, and about four hundred acres of land was presented by Monmouthshire folk to the Lord Raglan who was the hero of Balaclava, for use of his heirs and successors for ever and a day



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Breath of Country Air.

HOW nice it is suddenly to come across someone who thinks as we do; not necessarily about the big problems of life and death, but about homely, "matey" things, like long winter evenings alone, hatred of barking dogs and babbling acquaintances, crooners, and—to be topical—most of the theatrical entertainments which London's wartime theatre considers to be what the man home on leave demands. You do not often come across the delight of someone sharing the same prejudices (perhaps as binding as sharing the same enthusiasms), but how pleasant, because so unexpected, it is when you do! Not having to state or to explain your reasons, but simply to declare them to be immediately understood. Sometimes you come across a passage, often in an otherwise dull book, which is like an echo of your own thoughts—thoughts, perhaps, which you have never bothered or dared to put into words; because, as a remark, they would either at once create an immediate bond of sympathy or fall completely flat!

As a rule, one does not often let fall such remarks, either in the hearing of one's family or elsewhere. Nothing is so shrivelled as the heart's cry which is echoed over stony ground. Therefore, one of my main reasons for having decided to keep Miss V. Sackville-West's new book, "Country Notes" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), among those books which I plan to dip into and to read all over again is because so much of it I could have written myself, if only I could express myself as clearly and with so much charm as she does. How often, for example, have I experienced the same reaction to interruption as this: "Living in the country as I do, I sometimes stop short to ask myself where the deepest pleasure is to be obtained from a rural life, so readily derided as dull by the urban-minded. When I stop short like this, it is usually because some of my metropolitan friends have arrived to ruffle my rustic peace with the reverberations of a wider world. They ask me if I have seen this or that play, these and those pictures, and always I find myself obliged to reply that I have not. This makes me appear—and feel—a boor. Then, after this most salutary visit, they drive off back to London, and the peace and the darkness close down on me once more, leaving me slightly disturbed but, on the whole, with an insulting sense of calm superiority. They leave me feeling that I am getting more out of this short life than they for all their agitations, an attitude of mine which strikes me as intolerably self-righteous. How can I possibly justify it? Should I not believe that it is more important to concern oneself with the troubles and interests of the world, than to observe the first crocus in flower? More important to take an active part wherever one's small activity would be most welcome, than to grow that crocus."

Oh, if only one could have the freedom just to live and to grow and to admire that home-grown crocus! Once leave that metaphorical crocus and you are lost in the agitation and the turmoil. More than ever nowadays am I beginning to wonder if it be worth it, when the result is invariably little other than agitation and turmoil! Really, I am getting a little dubious of the inspiring theory that life is a hard task which must be mastered, for—if the truth must be told—doubtful ends. Keep to the metaphorical crocus, and I am quite sure you are likely to be much happier and, being happier, very probably much better. At least, if I wanted to observe a contented expression, I should look for it among people who find joy in beauty rather than in problems. And if, at the end of your life, you present only a nerve-racked, harassed expression to the world, life surely hasn't done you much good.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND LADY POUND

At the headquarters of the Comforts for the Royal Navy centre in West Halkin Street, where the wives of Admirals and of lesser naval officers are organising the knitting and distribution of the various articles. Lady Pound is the wife of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound. Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten is at sea, and very busy, to the detriment of the enemy

And so this book of "Country Notes" is a happy book, and will bring much happiness, since, after all, it is about something much nearer to the heart and soul than anything which "Home Service" is likely to bring with it six times a day. If only we could cut out "Home Service" and newspapers and publicity and propaganda, politics and the rumble of fanatical wars among religions, and make more peaceful and beautiful that little patch which is all life gives us to cultivate—if you don't mistake its trimmings for its style—the joy of being born at all would be infinitely more soul-stirring. As it is—well, I should scarcely describe it as a "gift": would you? And it is because Miss Sackville-West keeps so relentlessly to her rural patch that her book is so enchanting, like a breath of pure country air after three hours shut up in a cinema. Only, to enjoy it to the full, you must glow when you read such a passage as this: "There is still a film of ice over shady stretches of water, so thin that by midday the breasts of the ducks cut with a brittle tinkling sound through it, like miniature ice-breakers in formation. By the evening it has closed up again, and now reflects the large lemon-coloured moon in a trance of breathless stillness. Mist rises from the valley, a cold, white mist, cutting off everything but the tops of the trees. A solitary swan sails, in plumed ghostliness, round and round the only patch of water left open to him. All else is quiet, shrouded for the long hours of the night which are to follow."

Thank goodness it is a book which does not belong to that deadly type of rural literature which makes a playful song-and-dance out of a country cottage and vanishes from the country scene to London or the Riviera at the first nip of an autumn frost. It is a book which will be most loved by those comparatively few people for whom in the "depths of the country" is the only air they can happily breathe, for whom beauty is of more importance than people, for whom the loveliness of the changing seasons is more exciting than the latest film, for whom there is more real sense in the song of birds than anything uttered in Parliament, and for whom the restfulness of long distances permeates happily their innermost being, rather than a walk down narrow Bond Street in the height of the season. For these readers I can think of no recently published book which will more quickly bring them back to

(Continued on page 42)



Yevonde

MISS ELIZABETH COWELL BACK AT THE D.B.C.

At the outbreak of war, Miss Cowell joined the W.A.F.S., but has since been recalled to become a B.B.C. announcer, the first woman for six years. Miss Cowell was one of the original women television announcers



THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

"The Jikkoku Pass, Japan," by Masami Nakai, one of the countless and very excellent works included in the 1940 edition of "Photograms of the Year," and an exhibition of which opened at the London Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi, on January 3, and will remain open during this month. Mr. Masami Nakai's wonderful picture displays a rugged side of his beautiful country's mountain scenery which may be reminiscent to some people of some other rugged passes—as for instance, northern India

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the reality of what existence should be composed of, if we are, so to speak, still to keep in touch with the kind of life God must surely have intended us to lead, if He intended us, by living, to know Him better. Let me add, too, that the book is profusely illustrated by a series of beautiful and unusual photographs, each of which is a little work of art.

Thoughts from "Country Notes."

"Nothing shows up the difference between the thing said or read so much as the daily experience of it."

"To rise even an hour earlier than usual is to steal a march upon the midge-like bothers of the common day; it is to live, however briefly, in the illusion of a different world."

"Fortunate gardener, who may pre-occupy himself solely with beauty in these difficult days! He is one of the few people left in this distressful world to carry on the tradition of elegance and charm."

"What the eye does not see, the heart does not suffer. But we ought not to be content to leave it at that."

"Unfortunately, the more deeply one cares, the more bad thinking one is likely to bring to the argument."

Joyous Entertainment.

The handicap — or should I write "blessing"? — is that any book written about the world of film-making has only to report actuality to become something easily mistaken for a satire. Given this reporting and add to it a sense of humour, and you have immediately a book which is as incredible as it is amusing. Of such is Mr. Jeffrey Dell's "Nobody Ordered Wolves" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). I laughed and I laughed, like horrid Little Audrey. It was like laughing at some serious lunacy with a clear conscience devoid of pity. And the background of the story is the film-making world of England. Well, somebody did order those wolves, but nobody knew who did it. Apparently they were ordered when a story to be laid in the Tropics had suddenly to be transferred to Siberia. But the original plot had got as lost as did the wolves, though both cost the syndicate a small fortune. But what matters a small fortune when the City is simply itching to be in on the loss? Or so it appears. Phillip Hardcastle, who had written several fairly successful plays, but was a solicitor by profession, received a call from the great Napoleon of British films, Mr. Bott, whose nationality, though extremely mixed, didn't include Britain. Phillip answered that call eagerly, and then his bewilderment began. For who had sent out that call seemed as mysterious as who had ordered those wolves. But the wolves were there, eating their heads off at the rate of hundreds a week, and there, too, was Phillip, eating his

heart out doing nothing on a contract of two thousand a year! But it seemed to me he well earned it, if only by waiting, answering calls which nobody seemed to have given, and turning up at interviews which nobody seemed to have arranged.

And then the shooting of the films: what absurd fun to read! And the making of stars, which is funnier still. And the anxiety of these same stars to be caught by somebody important—producer, financier, writer, cameraman, or merely fan-mail—before they fall into oblivion. It is almost unbelievable, but Mr. Dell writes with authority. He also writes with gusto and a keen sense of humour, and he can make the whole bewildering idiocy of this picture-making world sound logical—if you once accept the fact that you are dealing with a way of living, a way of doing things which defies common sense and achieves something approaching

greatness in terms of farcical fantasy. No wonder in most cinemas we see what we do see! No wonder hundreds of thousands of pounds are poured out to achieve amazing futilities. It is glorious fun if once you accept a racket as reality, even to supplying a human need. And I scarcely remember having read a book on the film world which is so uproariously funny while at the same time being completely convincing.

Another Amusing Book.

If it struck me in "Before Lunch" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) that Mrs. Angela Thirkell is not so gay and inventive as is her wont, she has nevertheless written an amusing story. Her characters are really the plot; what they do matters much less. There is Mr. John Middleton, a London architect who, at Laverings, his house in the country, is so intensely and strenuously rural that, by comparison, a rabbit looks as urban as a Pekinese. There is Mrs. Middleton, a trifle withered under the strain of her husband's squirearchy, but tactful to the last smothered sigh. There is Mr. Middleton's sister, Lillian, almost as young as her two



Cannons of Hollywood

LADY JEAN ABNEY-HASTINGS, TO BE MARRIED IN MARCH -

The wedding of the second eldest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun, to Mr. E. W. Wakefield, is fixed to take place in Scotland on March 23. Mr. Wakefield is the eldest son of Mr. Raymond Edgar Wakefield, of Toronto, and of the late Mrs. Wakefield

step-children, Denis and Daphne; as, indeed, was necessary, with Denis always on the verge of wilting, and Daphne never ceasing from blooming. There is Mr. Middleton's partner, Alister Camerson, who, though level in theory, cannot quite catch up all the same. Mixed up with these there is a whole troop of Mrs. Thirkell's absurd and amusing aristocrats, some of whom readers of her books will have met before. And all of them go through a kind of dance during the weeks of one high summer. Setting to partners, exchanging them with somebody else's partner, and then finding they prefer their first choice. It is all as gay as can be, and yet, it seemed to me, there might have been more life in that gaiety. It was determined, rather than spontaneous. Nevertheless, Mrs. Thirkell at her second-best is always a joy to meet.

FIGHTING UNITS: No. 14



AN R.A.F. COMMAND—BY "MEL"

It would perhaps add a spice of interest to the artist's originals if it could be stated where this portrait gallery was collected, but that is not possible. The A.O.C.-in-C. of this particular concentration, like so many more in the third arm, was originally a sailor and was second in command in H.M.S. "Conqueror" at the Battle of Jutland. Air Commodore Sidney Smith was originally a Gunner and was seconded to the old R.F.C. early in 1915, and Air Vice-Marshal Pulford also saw a lot of the fighting in the last war, which we have almost ceased to call "the Great"

NEXT WEEK: No. — Bomber Group, R.A.F.

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER—I have had my quota of thrills this week! Having been informed that it would no doubt be possible for me to get leave to go up to a certain British base in order to be present at some of the N.A.A.F.I. entertainments I immediately got in touch with the *commissaire* of Police for my district in order to obtain the *permis* necessary for the journey to the *zone des armées*. Upstairs and downstairs, everywhere except in his lady's chamber, did I wander. I produced: birth, marriage and domiciliary certificates, half-a-dozen photographs, and a few finger-prints thrown in, and then . . . I didn't get what I wanted! By this time I had grown tired of doing things as they are supposed to be done, so I just rang up a certain general, called him "ducky" (despite our respective grey hairs) and next morning I received my permit, stamped, signed and duly delivered by the general's most courteous A.D.C. For the manieth time I find myself wondering what happens to the poor devils that have no "pull" . . . but perhaps they don't, all of 'em, rub up the *commissaire* the wrong way as I seem to have done; he evidently didn't like the shape of my nose, the tilt of my bonnet, nor not nuffin' about me! Ah, well!

It is long since I have travelled anywhere by train and I found the station as distressingly cold and gloomy as stations always are in winter. This, of course, is of no matter where we, civies, are concerned, so thanks be for the soldiers' warm canteens and the hot, mulled wine on tap for them as likes it. The *poilus* prefer this brew to a nice-cupper-tea, and it seems to be getting quite popular with the British lads also. It was dusk when I arrived at the little provincial town that was my destination, and I stepped off a French train and out of a French station into a corner of Great Britain. The typical architecture of that part of France was invisible, so that my illusion was complete. British cars of every description stood in the yard and my ears were greeted with the slow, deep hum of English voices and the softer burr of the Scottish accent. I walked to the not far distant hotel for the sheer pleasure of hearing those voices and rubbing shoulders—more or less—with the anonymous crowd that strolled along the main street. As I passed various *pâtisseries*—has this hitherto peculiar war made them more popular than the *estaminets*?—I saw that the "five-o'clock-at-all-hours" were doing good business and that the Scotties have as fine an appetite for *éclairs* as they have for porritch. The bonnie, bonnie lads . . . but how one misses the kilts! Howsumever, they look fine in their Little-Lord-Fauntleroy ("battle-dress" to you, Très Cher) and the mamzels don't seem to notice the difference.

I was collected at my hotel by a *liaison* officer officiating between the N.A.A.F.I. and the various theatres, concert halls, barns and outhouses where the shows take place, to say nothing of booking comfortable quarters for the entertainers and a dozen other jobs that keep her busy some eighteen out of every twenty-four hours. Yes! He is a "she" although she has the rank and pay of a lieutenant and she has been holding down this job since the first concert-party came to France. She has asked me not to mention her by name, and I obey, but I suppose I can say that she is well known to you for her many



NITA RAYA, WHOM THOMAS ATKINS LOVES!

Like many more leading French stars who have been entertaining the troops, Nita Raya has a tremendous success with the British Army in France, singing English songs to them. Above she is seen just before going on to the stage



Star Presse

MISTINGUETTE AND THE FAMOUS LEGS

All three of them are appearing with high success in a gay little revue at the Étoile, where our "Mis" and her priceless understandings are as popular as ever

adaptations of French and English plays, of which *Journey's End* is one of the most famous. The performance I went to see was the opening one of *Me and My Gal*, brought over, to be played twice nightly at various places for a whole week, by Lupino Lane, accompanied by his entire company. He also brought a car-load of dart-boards, and it was amusing to watch the men go off in their lorries after the show with these trophies held in their arms like shields.

The night I was in that part of the world there were six other N.A.A.F.I. entertainments out and about, including Frances Day and her concert-party and "Fifteen Variety artistes" for the R.A.F. By the way, Frances Day was *not* motored down from Paris by "Lady Louis," but arrived by train looking like a little Esquimo except that she was adorably pretty in her fur "parka." The audience averages one thousand at every performance and this, although I'm rotten at arithmetic, made, I take it, 14,000 men to see a show on that one evening alone. Add to this eight cinema lorries showing films at certain dumps, and I am inclined to believe the man who remarked to me: "This ain't a war for some of us; it's a bloomin' beanfeast. . . . I don't get to see a show like this once in a cuppler month atome!"

A thrilling sight was the long, long line of men waiting to get into the "second house" of the Lupino Lane show. They had been brought up from various places from many miles around. In the darkness hundreds of cigarette-tips glowed warmly; little by little the whispering voice began to hum and the humming soon formed words . . . they sang all the old songs, from "Tipperary" to "Down at the Old Bull and Bush." It was only inside the theatre that they really let go, however. How they enjoyed themselves. . . . How they sang till the curtain rose and then how they laughed. I didn't know that there was still so much laughter left in the whole world.

PRISCILLA.

MACHIAVELLI AT THE MERCURY— AND THE BALLET COMES BACK



SARAH CHURCHILL AS LUCREZIA

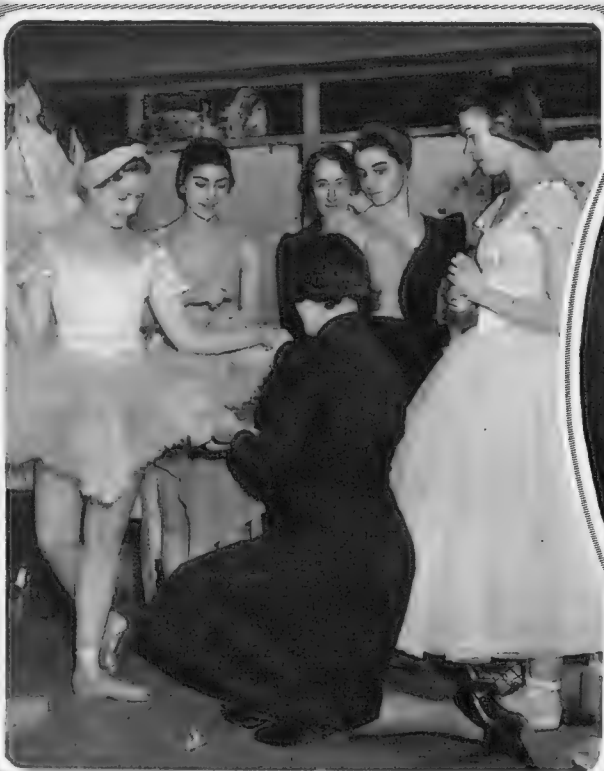


OLIVER REYNOLDS AS SIRO IN MACHIAVELLI'S
"MANDRAGOLA," AT THE MERCURY THEATRE



IVAN BRANDT AS CALLIMACO

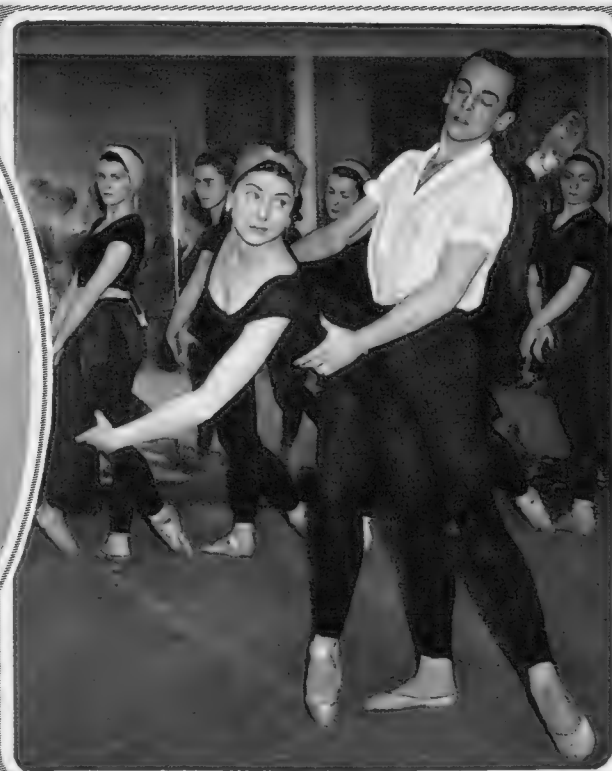
Photos: Anthony



MARY HONER, MARGOT FONTEYN, JUNE BRAE
AND PAMELA MAY WITH THE WARDROBE MISTRESS



PAMELA MAY REHEARSES
FOR "LES SYLPHIDES"
AT SADLER'S WELLS



MARGOT FONTEYN AND ROBERT HELPMANN
REHEARSE WITH THE CORPS DE BALLET

That the theatrical revival in London is not confined to Shaftesbury Avenue trivialities is shown by these pictures from the very civilised outposts of Notting Hill Gate and Islington. Ashley Dukes' adaptation of Machiavelli's comedy, *Mandragola*, was a brave venture for the always intelligent little Mercury Theatre. Fortunately, the times have as yet not proved themselves so out of joint that people will not go out of their way to see something out of the way. Set in Renaissance Florence, the play (which, incidentally, has not been performed in English for four hundred years) turns on the matrimonial difficulties of a fool, Nicia, played by John Laurie. Sarah Churchill, as Lucrezia, carries through an important part with distinction. From another quarter of London it will be good news to many people that the Vic-Wells Ballet is back in action at Rosebery Avenue after a three-months' postponement of their season, during which time they have been enlarging their considerable following in a provincial tour. Unfortunately for London, the ballet is to set out on its travels again after a month's season, and is later expected to visit the Western Front. Meanwhile, they are sharing the honours with the opera at the Wells, and presenting a wide selection of their extensive repertoire, including a revival of their last season's triumph, *The Sleeping Princess*.

"HEIL, CINDERELLA!" THE WILTON PANTOMIME FOR THE TROOPS



LADY PEMBROKE (THE QUEEN) AND MISS BETTY STREET (THE COURT ENTERTAINER)



MR. CECIL BEATON AND MISS OLGA LYNN (THE UGLY SISTERS), THE HON. DAVID HERBERT (BUTTONS), AND THE CHORUS



MISS PAMELA GIBSON (FAIRY GODMOTHER) WAITING IN THE WINGS



THE UGLY SISTERS AGAIN: MR. CECIL BEATON AND MISS OLGA LYNN



THE HON. DAVID HERBERT AS BUTTONS

That old favourite, *Cinderella*, more or less adapted to the topical spirit, is having a great vogue this pantomime season. Apart from its "straight" production at the Coliseum as the West End's only full-dress pantomime, it is the basis of the Chanticleer's witty *Pool Pantomime* and of Pamela Frankau's topical and seasonable show at the Whitehall Theatre (as well as providing the plot for the new Deanna Durbin film). And now from Wilton, Lord and Lady Pembroke's seat near Salisbury, come these pictures of the dress-rehearsal of *Heil, Cinderella!* produced by photographer-artist Cecil Beaton, whose recent edition of the memoirs of the Baroness von Bülop (surely some relation to one of the Ugly Sisters in this production), entitled "My Royal Past," was a particularly well-carried-out literary hoax. The distinguished cast of *Heil, Cinderella!* which is being given in aid of a Comforts Fund for H.M. Forces, includes Wilton's châtelaine, Lady Pembroke, who is the younger sister of the Marquess of Anglesey, and her second son, the Hon. David Herbert, who plays the part of Buttons. Mr. Beaton's fellow Ugly Sister is most capably interpreted by

Miss Olga Lynn, the very well-known musician and teacher

MEMBERS OF AN R.A.F. HOSPITALITY LEAGUE



Photo: Antony Beauchamp

MRS. WILLIAM FISKE III. AND MISS AUDREY SALE-BARKER

Two of the ladies who are working at this particular organisation which was thought of by Mrs. Fiske when she was told by her husband, who is now serving in the R.A.F., of the need which Dominion volunteers have for some centre which will provide them with entertainment and hospitality in their leisure hours. Hence the Western Counties R.A.F. Hospitality League. Mr. William Fiske is an American, but has joined our R.A.F. Mrs. Fiske is the former Miss Rose Bingham. Miss Sale-Barker's ski-ing and flying exploits are well known to all of us



Bassano

MISS TARA JACK

A new portrait of the sister of Lady Howe, South African wife of the famous motor-racing peer, to whom a daughter was born last year. Lord Howe holds the rank of Commodore in the R.N.V.R., and saw a good deal of fighting in the naval war in the Dardanelles during First German War. Miss Jack hails from Johannesburg

MY DEAR ATALANTA—I note that your friend Angela has written to you saying that she saw me lolling in a night-club with a pretty woman, and that you say no wonder I do not have time to write to you when I am so very busy lolling about in night-clubs with pretty women.

I deprecate this attitude. I deplore your unscrupulous use of the verb "to loll." When have you known me to loll? If big thinkers have ever commented on me at all, it has been to remark that the man Arlen does not loll. As for your friend Angela, let me tell you that there is a very formidable body of opinion that considers her to be poisonous to the eye and repellent to the touch, and let me tell you further, that London is full of thoughtful people who have had years and years' experience of avoiding her like the plague. You should have seen her dancing the other night—she is so bow-legged she looked like the Arc de Triomphe.

I saw another friend of yours yesterday on Piccadilly—Margaret; a nice woman, who does not go chivvying after alleged lollers at the Four Hundred. Her massive figure was in some kind of Air Force uniform, maybe she is an aircraft-carrier, but her jolly smile and kind heart always make seeing her a real pleasure, and we stood for quite a time telling each other how we were. Then I asked her how her husband was, and she laughed heartily and said they had been divorced more than six months. So I laughed heartily too, and I do wish you would write and tell me what in hell we were laughing about.

I have very little war-news to give you, except that people are getting just a bit on each other's nerves, and so arguments are becoming just that bit more irritable day by day. The slightest disagreement with some touchy people leads to very dirty looks, and dinner-parties have been known to explode in all directions at the first hint of any criticism

LETTER TO A LADY

FROM

MICHAEL ARLEN

aimed at any of our leaders and betters. I haven't yet actually seen a free fight, but I continue to leer in the offing hopefully. What seems to give some people an apoplectic stroke is even the most timid suggestion that this present administration is not absolutely marvellous in every way, incredibly efficient in every way, and recognisably angelic in all its statecraft. I saw a man the other night at the Savoy Grill being trampled to death by some Parliamentary Private Secretaries for having expressed the daring and shocking hope that Mr. Chamberlain removes his wings before taking a bath.

I'll tell you another thing, this war is mortifying a lot of people by hitting them in such very unexpected places. Do you realise that one of the most unexpected effects of American neutrality has been to put an absolute stop to the well-bred and life-saving practice of rich American women buying European husbands? This is going to create an intolerable situation for some people, and I can't imagine what is going to happen to the villas on our beloved Riviera if rich American women are going to stop putting their French and English husbands into them. This unfair aspect of the American Neutrality Act is filling some people to the brim with chagrin, but one gathers that Washington will be compelled to reconsider its attitude in view of the pronounced tendency of rich American women to go absolutely nuts when prevented from bidding at will for European bargains.

I had a long letter from our old friend Toni Anabatriadi in Athens, and he says that all's well there, and they miss us very much, and when are we coming back. He says why don't I get myself sent to those parts on some propaganda job, for he says our publicity anywhere in the Balkans has always been so efficiently fat-headed in its fat-headedness that even I couldn't do it any harm, but might do some good. He says that what people in neutral countries want to hear is that England is strong and powerful and can chew glass, and not that England is filled with one hundred per cent. gentlemen who are only fighting this war because Hitler has hurt their feelings once too often. He says that neutrals consider that we are playing at being too goddam cultured, and he says that if neutrals *really* believed that we are such great gentlemen as we like to think we are, they would bet on Germany winning, but he says that they don't believe it because, after all, they have done business with us for years. I have sent Toni's letter to Mr. Snooks at the Ministry of Snooks, but I have little hope of getting anything but snooks for an answer.

Listen; you must write or wire to our gardener in Cannes what to do about Sonny. When Grace Moore gave him to us as a wedding-present he was about six months, which makes him about twelve now. Louis writes that he is acting very old and bored indeed, and shall he shoot him or what? He says also that your very ancient Ford car needs a lot of drastic things done to it to make it ever go again, which makes me regret that you did not let me give it as a tip that night to the door-man at the Casino, instead of breaking into a hundred-franc note. Dear me, I do hope we shall have such nights again, no? Anyway, I have written to Louis to wait a week, and then, if you have not wired him, to shoot the car and cherish the dog.

I note that you say my daughter is going to a small fancy-dress party next Saturday, and that, after having seen her first pantomime, she has set her heart on going as a Fairy Queen. I note that you ask me to go to Hamley's and buy a pair of fairy wings, also headdress and wand. I note further that you ask me *not* to have these sent by post because they are too fragile, but to bring them with me myself in a parcel when I come up on Friday. Very well. I say no more. Very well. You may tell Venetia that Daddy, completely equipped as a fairy, will be winging his way to her on Friday.

With love from—Yr. v. indignant HUSBAND.

RECENT DOINGS IN THE WAR-FREE U.S.A.



CELEBS. AT PALM SPRINGS, ARIZONA: ILONA MASSEY,
ANTHONY BURKE AND ALICE MARBLE



AT THE "DUBARRY WAS A LADY" FIRST-NIGHT:
MME. ELSA SCHIAPARELLI, AND MR. AND MRS. GILBERT MILLER



MR. LEONARD C. HANNA, JR., MR. COLE PORTER (WHO WROTE
THE "DUBARRY" MUSIC) AND MRS. COLE PORTER

America now ranks our Kay Stammers second to Alice Marble, and puts Valerie Scott (see lower picture) seventh and Mary Hardwicke ninth. All the tennis pictures were taken at the Palm Springs Tennis Club, which Anthony Burke runs so well, and in which Betty Nuthall is now helping him. Ilona Massey is the beautiful Hungarian star who is now carving out such a big success for herself in Hollywood. *Dubarry Was a Lady*, music by Cole Porter, is said to be a smash hit in New York, and London is bound to get it sooner or later. The American critics are very laudatory and likewise very unanimous. Schiaparelli has temporarily given up London and is concentrating her great talent on New York, to that city's delight



MORE PALM SPRINGS NOTABLES: MISS NINA BROWN, MR. CHARLES HARE, MISS BETTY NUTHALL,
MR. ANTHONY BURKE, MISS MARY HARDWICKE, MR. W. R. D. CUTHBERTSON AND MISS VALERIE SCOTT

PANORAMA OF MODERN BRITISH



"THE WEDDING IS READY—BRING IN THE POOR." A LIVELY SCENE,
PAINTED BY FRANK ARCHER



"THE PROVERBS," BY TOM CHADWICK, R.B.A.



"SALUTE TO INVADER"

This Exhibition has been organised by twenty-four other Art Societies whose members, recommended by them, have been invited to the Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Funerary Institution. Half of the price paid in each of these two charitable organisations. The exhibition from the Exhibition gives some idea of the artist's work. Chadwick's problem picture, "The Provoked Country Fair" and Frank Archer's "The

Poor") with a hint of the manner of Breughel, is a *tour de force* in this genre, illustrating well-known proverbs. Among pictures striking the topical note, Tom van Oss's "Sails," provides a forceful interpretation in terms of art of the spirit of the times. Mr. van Oss's "Sails," a picture conjuring up romantic visions of the days of sail in the fine tradition of the great masters, is an extremely interesting and varied cross-section of the virile work of the artist. This extremely interesting and varied cross-section of the virile work of the artist is on view at Burlington House until March 9, by which time it is confidently expected to be sold.

ART AT ACADEMY EXHIBITION



"BY TOM VAN OSS

the Royal Academy in co-operation with members, and a number of artists recommended works for sale in aid of the Lord and the Artists' General Benevolent sale will be divided equally between above selection of a few of the pictures the diversity of trends represented. Tom rbs," executed (as are Cosmo Clark's The Wedding is Ready—Bring in the rating in one well-planned and harmonious composition no fewer than thirty-three dy of an anti-aircraft gun and its crew, backed by a searchlight-illuminated night e conventional in style and subject is Montague Dawson's minutely studied "Passing dition of marine painting for which this country has long been appropriately pre- being done by contemporary British artists opened last week and will remain ted that the two admirable charities it supports will have benefited very largely



"PASSING SAILS." A STRIKINGLY DETAILED MARINE PAINTING, BY MONTAGUE DAWSON, S.M.A.



"COUNTRY FAIR," BY COSMO CLARK

THE MEYNELL'S TRYST AT OSMASTON



MRS. W. R. N. HINDE AND
MRS. GERALD WILLIAMS



THE MASTERS: SIR IAN WALKER AND CAPTAIN
MAURICE KINGSCOTE WITH MRS. M. J. KINGSCOTE



MR. LESLIE WEAVER
AND CAPTAIN P. W. BELL



MR. LESLIE JONES AND CAPTAIN
J. C. B. LETHBRIDGE



THE LIGHT CAVALRY: IAN LEY AND DIANA AND
NOREEN PEARSON WITH INFANTRY ESCORT



CAPTAIN KAYE KNOWLES,
A MEYNELL REGULAR

Osmaston, where the hounds of the Meynell met on the occasion of these pictures, is the Derbyshire seat of one of the Masters, who, until his Yeomanry are wanted elsewhere, is still able to carry on his duties as an M.F.H., aided by his "Joint," who, as before, hunts hounds and is now, we are glad to note, fit enough again to do this always strenuous job. Captain Kingscote was far from being his own man a little while ago. Of the *chasseurs à pied* and *chasseurs au cheval* caught by the camera, Mrs. Hinde is the wife of Major "Looney," the 15/19th polo crack. Would that we could believe that we shall see him playing in an inter-Regimental this season! Captain Lethbridge is O.C. a Remount Dépôt, and the Light Cavalry unit includes Sir Gordon Ley's grandchild and Sir Louis and Lady Pearson's two nice little children

Photos.: Howard Barrett

AT LEOPARDSTOWN'S HOLIDAY
JUMPING MEETING



"ROYAL DANIELI" WINS IT!": MR. HUGH DELMEGE,
MRS. VICTOR PARR AND MRS. B. M. WEBSTER



IN THE MEMBERS' STAND: SIR JAMES NELSON, MR. REGGIE WALKER,
MR. AND MRS. ALAN GRAVES AND LADY NELSON



MISS ARCHIEBELLA MACKINTOSH
AND MR. JOHN KENNEDY



THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY
AND CAPTAIN G. E. F. TENISON



WINNERS?: LADY MAHON WITH
THE COMTESSE DE SARIGNY

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

Quality, good quantity, the pick of the weather and a huge crowd is the short description of what happened at Leopardstown at their Christmas Week meeting. "Royal Danieli" represented the top of the quality, and he is now a piping-hot favourite for the £3000 Red Cross 'Chase to be run at this course on January 20, and will probably be favourite for our Grand National, which he was unlucky not to win in 1938. Mr. Reggie Walker (see picture at top with some other celebs.) sent him out to win at this meeting, and also trained two other winners, "Doitagain" and "Pride of Rheims." Mr. Hugh Delmege, who obviously backed "Royal Danieli," is a well-known "Corinthian," and Mrs. Victor Parr is an ex-Master of the Meath. Miss Mackintosh, who is with Lady Jocelyn's brother, Mr. Kennedy, is the daughter of the late Captain Angus Mackintosh and Lady Maud Baillie, the Duke of Devonshire's sister. The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley is Lady Jocelyn's sister, and Captain Tenison, who is with her, is a popular owner, and hunts with the Louth



THE HON. MRS. DENYS LAWSON

This distinguished portrait of Lord Strathcarron's younger sister is the work of Frank O. Salisbury, the world-famous portrait-painter, who has exhibited at the Royal Academy continuously since 1899, and whose subjects have included many of the Royal Family. The portrait is one of the many works of all types appearing in the current United Artists' Exhibition at the Royal Academy

IT was two o'clock in the morning. The author looked haggard and worn. For hours and hours, with hardly a pause, he had been working on his new novel.

"Darling," said his wife, "are you coming to bed?"

"No, not yet," muttered the busy author. "I've got the pretty girl in the clutches of the villain and I want to get her out."

"How old is the girl?" asked the wife.

"Twenty-two," replied the writer.

"Then put out the lights and get to bed," snapped the wife. "She's old enough to take care of herself!"

The motor-car, after a wild lurch, swung round the corner and crashed into a shop window.

Four men, who had obviously been dining rather too well, climbed out of the wreck and leaned up all round the car.

A policeman came up, note-book in hand, but the spokesman of the party was ready for him.

"S' qui' all ri'," he said; "no one's fault. There's no—hic—one to blame. We were all riding in the back seat."

On the declaration of war, the home authorities sent a cable to one of the distant outposts of our Empire. It ran:

"War declared. Intern all enemy aliens."

A reply was despatched immediately:

"Have interned two Russians, six Chinese, two Swedes, ten Germans and ten negroes. Please cable who enemy is."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

He was a night-watchman and new at the job. When the road foreman came on duty in the morning, he asked: "Everything all right?"

"Quite all right for my first night," replied the new night-watchman. "I've checked up everything, and there's only one thing missing."

"Oh, what's that?"

"The steam-roller."

The recruit was enduring a few rounds in the battalion gymnasium.

"Hit 'im; hit 'im!" vainly entreated his second.

Hopelessly outclassed, the recruit recoiled dazedly from a vicious attack by his opponent. He clutched despairingly at a ring-post.

"Not with that, you fool," yelled his second, "you'll kill him!"

A popular East End referee, asked to be M.C. at a charity boxing display, appeared in the ring for the first time in his life wearing full evening dress.

When the first bout was due to start, he jumped into the ring and turned, slowly round, arms outstretched, to demand silence.

As a deep hush settled over the audience, a Cockney called out:

"Yus, old man, it fits all right. What abart buying it?"

The old soldier had been recalled to the Colours. On the first day he found himself being drilled by an officious young corporal.

"When I call your names, spring smartly to attention and answer: 'Here, Corporal,'" instructed the N.C.O.

"Palmer."

A click of heels and

"Here, Corporal."

"Banks."

"Here, Corporal."

"That's the idea," approved the corporal.

"Smith."

A weary "Here" was the only reply.

"Here what?" snapped the N.C.O.

"Here we are again," sighed the old soldier.

Two men in a car went past the traffic lights when they were red, and were stopped by a policeman.

"I'm sorry, officer," said the driver, thinking quickly. "I happen to be a doctor and I'm taking a patient to the asylum in a great hurry."

The policeman was inclined to be suspicious—but the passenger was just as quick. Looking up at the constable with a seraphic smile, he whispered:

"Kiss me, darling!"

They got away with it!

"I'm Major Blank, D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C. to the G.O.C.-in-C. Who the devil are you?"

"Oh, I'm only the G.O.C.-in-C.!"



MRS. COWAN DOBSON AS MÉLISANDE

Another notable painting in the United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House, which opened last week in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, is Cowan Dobson's picture of his lovely wife as Mélisande, heroine of Maeterlinck's romantic tragedy

WHO'S WHO
IN
"SHEPARD'S PIE"
AT
PRINCES THEATRE



The things inside this pie being of such good quality, there is no necessity to add a recommendation to everyone who can get a seat to go and see and taste it for themselves. Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe, Richard Hearne and Sydney Howard are in themselves a joint and several guarantee even unaided by any other reinforcements—which, in this case, are very powerful ones. It is one of London's best wartime shows. Richard Hearne, seen having a desperate tussle with a snaky brass instrument, is at the same time said to be trying to take a snapshot of Adolf, but the camera will have none of it. Vera Pearce and Sydney Howard have plenty of scope for that talent which is theirs, and so does Arthur Riscoe with his own particular brand. A rattling good entertainment!



AT TOM WALLS' SPECIAL MATINÉE FOR THE R.A.F. COMFORTS FUND

Some of the notable personalities at the Shaftesbury Theatre at the special matinée of *His Majesty's Guest* for Tom Walls' own appeal for this fund

Included in the picture (l. to r.) are Mrs. S. F. Wynne Eyton (Asst. Director W.A.A.F.), Air Marshal W. L. Welch (Air Member for Supply and Organisation), Miss J. D. Trefusis-Forbes, Sir Edward Campbell (Secretary of State for Air), and Sergt. Pilot G. L. Campbell

IT is suggested that the publicists cease from calling the present conflict by its wrong name—"Hitler's War." It is the Second German War. If it is only Hitler's War and the great mass of the German people entirely disapproves of it, why is Hitler still in power?

One swallow has never yet made a summer. General von Fritsch may have been one swallow: Captain Langsdorff may have been another, and the balance of probability favours the supposition that both these officers did not see eye to eye with The Misleader, but the same argument about a swallow and summer holds very good. It is a mistake to mislead ourselves.



Pooler, Dublin

AFTER A NOTABLE DUBLIN CHRISTENING

The Hon. Mrs. James Barry, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Hore-Ruthven with her son, Alexander Patrick Greysheil, and Major Jim Barry, famous in the hunting and racing worlds, taken at his house at Clonsilla. The Hon. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, Lord Gowrie's only son, is on service somewhere East, and this will be one of the first pictures he will see of his son. The Hon. Mrs. James Barry is Lady Gowrie's mother

Pictures in the Fire

"The Prophet," the gist of whose views were given in these notes, may see a bit farther through a brick wall than the next man, and I suggest that recent events prove that he is a very discerning person, but this is a very different thing from assuming that his views have percolated into the brains of those who at present control the destinies of Germany. Since the publication of "The Prophet's" views I have received, and the Editor of this paper has received, many requests that "The Prophet's" identity should be disclosed. To do so is manifestly

quite impossible, and would, furthermore, be extremely imprudent. It might even be dangerous—for "The Prophet"—and it would be unfair to him, to put it no higher. Herr Rauschnig and Herr Thyssen have published their disclosures off their own bats and that is entirely their funeral. Presumably they believe that they are now beyond the reach of any such reprisal as that which overtook General von Fritsch. Whether we accept these revelations or do not is beside the point. Herr Rauschnig has given us what purport to be *verbatim* reproductions of lengthy conversations he had with his former intimate, and these are said to have been constructed from notes made at the time, aided by a memory which must be photographic. It is an astounding achievement and, of course, the book is bound to sell like hot cakes. So few of us are so highly gifted.

Could you remember, word for word, anything that anyone said to you even so short a time ago as yesterday afternoon? Would you have the nerve to go into the witness box and face even the stupidest counsel that ever wore even a stuff gown and swear to every word of any conversation? If you would you are a braver man than most of us. There may be good reason to believe that the Austrian who seems to have got the German nation on a bit of string is temperamental, but I think we should be wiser not to believe that he is certifiable. There is too much method in it all. We have heard so many yarns about how Herr Hitler, at the height of frenzy, has gone down on the floor and started to



MR. AND MRS. TONY PELISSIER

Just after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester Road. The bridegroom's correct rating is Sapper Pelissier, and he is the actor son of the one and only Pelissier and of Miss Fay Compton. The bride, as is well known to one and all, is that charming young actress, Penelope Dudley Ward, of *Victoria Regina* fame, daughter of the Marquesa de Casa Maury, the former Mrs. Dudley Ward



AT A RECENT OLD BERKS MEET

They met at Faringdon House, Lord Berners' Berkshire seat, the day this picture was taken, and in the group are Mme. Michiels van Verduynen, wife of the Netherlands Minister, Simon Hornby, Mrs. Michael Hornby and Susan Hornby

By "SABRETACHE"



MAJOR AND MRS. H. M. VERE NICOLL

The wedding was at Chelsea Old Church and the bride was formerly Miss Joan Madden, second daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden. The bridegroom is a serving Gunner and the son of Dr. and Mrs. Vere Nicoll, of Temple Pool, Dockenfield, Surrey. Sir Charles Madden was Lord Jellicoe's second-in-command in the last war

would not find the ordinary perjurer so soporific, but as things are the Law says "No!"

It is very entertaining to listen to Mrs. Cabbage Patch telling Mrs. Brusselsprout: "So she says to me, she says, 'e says that she says . . .", but what short shrift that sort of thing gets when Counsel says: "Now, witness, attend to me and, remembering you are on your oath, be *very* careful in your answer: did you or did you not, upon the material date with which we are dealing . . .?"

Herr August Thyssen, who was a German steel and arms magnate, and who left the Vaterland before things reached their present pass and has now a warrant out against him, so the Germans say, has stated for publication by the Exchange



PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS AT QUEEN'S CLUB
J. G. Grinling and J. G. Hogg, both from Harrow, got into the semi-finals of the Junior competitions, beating their Etonian rivals, and in the final Grinling beat Hogg very soundly—15-1, 15-3

bite bits out of the carpet: it was a good story about how Prince Lichtenstein saw him burst into tears and then get carried out of the audience chamber in the Wilhelmstrasse by the two plug-uglies who stood behind his chair; but what collateral evidence have we to give an air of verisimilitude to these bald and unconvincing narratives? *Credat Judæus Apella!*

We should never forget the good old legal maxim: "What the Butler told the Cook is not evidence." The proceedings in our Courts would undoubtedly be more blithesome if testimony such as this were made admissible and our judiciary

Army command is not aware that, instead of steel, various metals have been used in the production of armaments at the order of the Nazi Party officials and behind the back of the Reichswehr. This, presumably, must apply to guns, 'planes, ships, tanks and so forth at present in use by the enemy fighting forces. Why, then, are not there more gun-burstings, more 'planes falling to bits in the air and so on? The *Admiral Graf Spee's* 11-inch guns stood up to their job pretty well, at least so the people in the *Exeter* thought. Herr Thyssen's assertions do not appear to be supported by the disclosed facts. The improved Messerschmitt 110 'planes are another counter-balancing fact. If the material of which they are made is *ersatz*, it must be as good as the real stuff. We know that our R.A.F. successes have not been scored against a lot of duds. The German submarine ammunition is another counter-balancing feat against Herr Thyssen's convictions. Herr Thyssen says he is convinced that he will soon be able to return to Germany. I hope for his own sake he does not return too soon! I am afraid when this evidence is sifted it is not very convincing, much as some people would appear to think that it is.



AT "THE LION HAS WINGS" PREMIÈRE IN PARIS

The three French flying officers seen in the group have just been decorated with the new French War Cross. On the extreme left is M. Roland Toutain, the film actor. The ladies are Mme. Toutain and Corinne Luchaire

A gunnery "professor" who probably knows as much about his job as the next man, and perhaps more, writes me from Somewhere Not Very Close, hence its being a bit behind the event:

That fight between the three cruisers and the *Graf Spee* was a good show. I am surprised she didn't blow them out of the water with her 11-inchers, but they were evidently too clever for her. She looks rather too much of a drawing-office job, and over-gunned. I fancy if they had taken out two of her 11-inch and perhaps a couple of 5.9's as well, and put a bit of the weight into more armour, she would have been a better job in practice.

I trust that this information is of no use to the enemy?



VICEROYALTY AT THE LAHORE RACES

H.E. Lady Linlithgow, wife of India's Viceroy, with Sir Henry Craik, who has been Governor of the Punjab since 1938. Even war cannot alter the magnificent cold-weather climate of the Punjab in which this meeting is run—ice on the roads till midday sometimes

HABEAS CORPUS

By C. THOMAS



"He hit harder and risked more"

THEY say this is a free country; that no man can be detained, much less tortured, without a fair trial; that the Habeas Corpus Act demands the production of the body within a jiffy. That's all they know about it. By the way, does this H.H.C.A. demand only the body, or does it include the necessary animation or stuffing?

You see, it was like this. Some weeks ago, experiencing a certain amount of inertia in the tibia (both) and a marked preference for the horizontal rather than the vertical, I decided to have a day in bed.

My wife, who is one of those very energetic persons who get up before I do, looks upon bed as the place where people die, and, without consulting me, she 'phoned up the doctor. He appeared in due course with his little bag and a smile.

Now, outside the bedroom he is an old and trusted friend, but inside the room he gave me no chance. As I said, he came in with his little bag and a smile. He felt my pulse. Then he put his smile in the bag and got out instead some sort of Heath Robinson apparatus, and came all over professional.

"Hmph!" said he, in the interval after Act I, "you've got a germ."

Now, I'd never had a real personal germ before. I felt so proud that my temperature went up and up and up. The doctor looked worried—I think he was anxious about the spring in his thermometer. Then we started Act II.

First he gave me a jolt with his left. "Can you feel that?" My manly stoicism obviously deceived him, for he followed up with a couple of jabs with his right, and after that I lost count, but mark you, every one of those blows was below the belt. I don't know what a real referee would have said—for example, the chap who manages those broadcast fights—Tommy Marshall, isn't it? No, I think it must be Howard Woodrooffe. Come to think of it, I'm not sure if he's the referee or the timekeeper. Anyway, I'm sure he wouldn't.

And then, to crown it all, the wretched man disqualified me; told me to stop in bed, and asked my wife to get a clinical thermometer.

Well, there I stopped—for a week. Some days the doctor came three times, and sometimes four, but every time he went through his physical training. Seeing that he wouldn't

let me eat, it soon became a walk-over for him. He said my anguished grunts helped him to locate the germ, but, believe me, I won't, I really won't beat him at golf any more.

My sole relaxation was the thermometer. Though, of course, differing in shape, in principle it is the same as the roulette wheel. My wife used to back one number, I another, and then the doctor, making his own rules, as usual, would wait till the silly thing was still, and sweep the kitty.

When it was obvious I couldn't stand much more, he let me get better, and then, after about a week, he said: "I think I should like you to see a specialist."

By that time the germ and I were on quite good terms. I would raise my clenched fist *en passant* and he, in return, used to wiggle his woggle. But I surrendered. "Should I take anything with me?" I asked.

"Only your cheque-book," said the doctor.

I did.

I wonder if the L.C.C. know what a congested area Harley Street is. Each house, so far as I could judge, has anything from four to eight

families in it. And when I tell you that the visitors' drawing-room and the specialist's back parlour which I entered were otherwise unoccupied, you can imagine the state of things backstairs.

He appeared. There wasn't anything very special about him just to look at, but then there isn't about me; not at first.

He treated me to a new card out of his index, and proceeded to ask a good many quite pointless questions. Still, I let him have his flutter—he had to do something on account of that cheque-book in my pocket. Besides, there was a nurse who was decidedly on the plus side of "quite pretty."

Then he started to put on a white coat.

"Good," I thought, "he's going to umpire while Bright Eyes does the punching." But no! Nurse was sent out, and then he started to specialise. I must confess his technique was in advance of the doctor's. He hit harder and risked more. He looked tired when he had finished.

"Well," he said, "you've got a bacillus!" (A bacillus! I felt hurriedly for my cheque-book.) "So far as I can find," he continued, "there are no complications. But you can't afford to play about with it." (The only people who had played about with it seemed to me to be he and the doctor. But I let it pass.)

"If I were you," said he finally, "I should have an X-ray."

Now there I draw the line. I invoke the H.H.C. Act. I may be axed, but I won't be X'd. My intestines shall die intestate. I expect to be buffeted by the enemy, but I will not allow him to photograph my lines of communication.

Can't you imagine him spending his week-end mapping out an itinerary through my internal countryside; deciding upon a couple of by-passes in my softest spots and then sticking up a notice: "Personally conducted tours of the battlefields"? Or perhaps, "General renovations and repairs by Dr. S. Plint. Internal decorations by Sir B. Utcher."

My wife seems rather keen on it. I think she wants to find the way to a man's heart through his stomach, but I—I am adamant.

* * *

The appointment is for 2 o'clock on Tuesday.



Houston Rogers

BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE LUCE—
—THE FIRST AMERICAN TO ENTERTAIN THE B.E.F.

The above picture was taken shortly after this charming actress had come back from her second expedition to our warriors in France. The first time Claire Luce went out was with that pioneer concert-party which was headed by Gracie Fields and Seymour Hicks, so she has actually a hat-trick of firsts. A catalogue of Claire Luce's stage and screen successes would fill more space than is here available, but one of recent note was her playing of Curley's wife in *Of Mice and Men*, both in New York and in London



OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. STATION

As usual, in these times, the where, what and when of this group must go behind the blue pencil. It may, however, be mentioned that this is Air Vice-Marshal Macewen's fourth war, he having been a serving soldier from South Africa to the Afghan campaign of 1919. More recently he was Deputy Director of Training at the Air Ministry from 1926 to 1929. The group is particularly comprehensive in that it includes not only the Army officers attached to the station, but also the W.A.A.F. officers, who are all doing such sterling work

The names are: (l. to r.; back row) P.O.s E. Jones-Humphreys, A. May, J. E. Archbold, J. G. McEwan, F. A. Fyfe, M.C., W. Yonge, I. G. G. Potts, F/O. A. L. V. Barnes, 2nd Lieut. A. G. Dixon, M.C., Lieuts. W. H. E. Watkins, M.C., A. E. Floyd; Captain J. B. Symonds, 2nd Lieut. G. F. Griffin, M.M., Lieut. J. H. Howell, M.C., 2nd Lieut. R. C. Moles, F/O.s C. O. J. Pegge, J. D. T. Pritchard, A. Proctor; (middle row) P.O.s J. M. Blake, R. M. C. N. de Lestang, J. Heston, — Horscroft, M.C.; Flt. Lieuts. B. T. Hood, C. J. Lewin; Coy. Assts. B. J. Bosman, J. Hime, I. C. Mansell; Senior Commandant F. Wynne-Eyton, Coy. Cdr. P. Bayliss, Deputy Coy. Cdr. B. Wardle, Captain J. K. Grudie, Flt. Lieut. H. R. Harington, F/O. R. Young, P.O. R. L. Tomlinson, Flt. Lieuts. W. H. Dunton, H. Cavendish; F/O. F. Rogers, Flt. Lieut. J. H. Hagon, F/O. G. Hards; (sitting) Flt. Lieut. M. H. Coote, S. Ldrs. D. F. Massey, C. M. Stewart, H. R. Bardon, M. B. Edwards, F. C. Sturgiss; W. Cdrs. F. Beaumont, W. H. de W. Waller, A.F.C.; Air Vice-Marshal N. D. K. Macewen, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., W. Cdr. R. G. Blomfield, D.S.O., S. Ldrs. A. H. Love, F. H. Isaac, D.F.C., M. V. Bovill; Major H. Essame, M.C., S. Ldr. A. R. Mackenzie, Flt. Lieuts. H. F. Game, A.F.C., and J. H. Heyworth

Double Error.

FEW things are more delightful than pointing out other people's mistakes. Sometimes I think that people read the newspapers almost entirely with this object in view. Anyhow, a lot of people have been writing to me lately about a caption to a picture which appeared with one of my articles recently. This caption described a group of R.A.F. officers, none of whom wore wings, as defenders of our skies. It is quite astonishing to note the fury which that caption aroused; but it is even more astonishing to note that it is all expressed in anonymous letters.

Now, I have quite enough to do in taking the responsibility for things I say myself, without also accepting the responsibility for things (like this caption) which are written by other people; but in this instance I feel inclined to accept the challenge of my anonymous correspondents. For they are not only wrong in saying that the caption was wrong, but they are also wrong in failing to sign their names to their letters.

It is, I suppose, understandable that an officer who is a pilot should regard himself as a slightly superior being to the one who is not—I felt like that myself a quarter of a century ago, though I grew out of it. But it is wrong for officers who are pilots to imagine that sky-defending is their sole charge. If armies march on their stomachs, air forces fly on their ground staffs.

We know that the pilots take the big risk and deserve the big credit. But if there were no mechanics and no equipment officers, there would be no mechanism and no equipment, and you can't defend the sky with a pair of boxing gloves. Let me make myself clear. I sympathise with pilots who object to seeing the glory being unjustly ladled out to those who do not fly and who take no flying risks. But I do not sympathise with anybody who writes to tell me so but does not sign his name at the end. The anonymous letter is one of the nastiest of all nasty things. In

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

must not descend to the methods of the mentally deficient. I like a thumping criticism here and there, but let it be a signed one.

Timm Time.

Plastics have been prophesied for years; but now it looks as if they were beginning to make practical headway. That new Timm trainer which has been produced to a U.S. Army specification is an attractive little machine, and the manufacturers say that it is made of "triple, criss-cross laminated spruce plywood impregnated with phenol formaldehyde." It is a small, low-wing monoplane with seats for pupil and instructor in tandem.

Plastics have been advocated for a good many reasons; but the most cogent reasons are those about which little has yet been said. For instance, with plastics you get a perfect, or almost perfect, surface finish, and recent aerodynamical research gives reason to suppose that that is a big advantage. Then there is the resistance to corrosion. A plastic machine ought to be able to stand up even to sea-water without being seriously affected.

So it is not only the manufacturing qualities of plastics that are important, but also the qualities which improve the performance or corrosion-resisting properties of the finished machine.

Diaries.

A good many diaries reached me, one way or another, this Christmas, and some of them are still coming in. The ones I personally prefer are those which carry in the front some useful aviation data, either about actual machines or else about general air subjects.

(Continued on page ii)



Photos: Stuart

A W.A.A.F. DETACHMENT

A close-up of the W.A.A.F. officers who are seen in the top picture grouped with the officers of the R.A.F. station to which they (with the exception of Commandant F. Wynne-Eyton, who was down from the Air Ministry) are attached. The names are: L. to r. (standing) Coy. Assts. B. J. Bosman, I. C. Mansell, J. Hime; (seated) Company Commander P. Bayliss (O.C., W.A.A.F. station), Commandant F. Wynne-Eyton, Deputy Company Commander B. Wardle

STARS IN THE SUNLIGHT



JACKIE COOPER AND CLAIRE WINDSOR



PAULETTE GODDARD AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

It may seem hard for us to realise that in California's sunny clime swimming and tennis are the order of the day. But here is Jackie Cooper, already a screen veteran at sixteen, in his most summery suit, trying his hand with a candid camera on a very attractive subject. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard took time off to watch some tennis from Charlie's "work - in - progress" tentatively entitled *The Dictator*, in which it is rumoured he will appear in the dual rôle of a baggy-trousered, bowler-hatted, cane-carrying Führer and of a Jewish barber. Attractive Paulette Goddard, who first made her name in rags in the last Chaplin, *Modern Times*, will be seen as a charwoman. The film also contains a subsidiary Dictator (guess who) played by Jack Oakie. Others at the tennis were two of this country's most distinguished representatives in the film colony, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Herbert Marshall, both of whom were in the thick of the fray "last time" and who are now performing a very necessary function in keeping this country on the screen map



ANITA LOUISE SPORTS A RED RIDING HOOD FASHION



HERBERT MARSHALL AND SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE



C.O. AND OFFICERS OF A ROYAL ARTILLERY UNIT

Taken at one of the many centres where Bang Boys are in training to completely alter the ideas held by Some People about the kind of shape that things to come should assume. Lieut.-Colonel A. A. M. Durand, M.C., is a brother and heir-presumptive of Major Sir Edward Durand. Lieut.-Colonel Durand served all through the last war, in which he was twice wounded, got a mention and the M.C.

The full list of names is: (back row; l. to r.) Lieut. I. H. Sargent, Lieut. G. W. Hoile, 2nd Lieut. A. K. C. McMillan, Dr. P. E. Rees Davies (Medical Officer), Lieut. J. B. Greene, M.C., 2nd Lieut. F. R. Anson, Lieut. A. E. Delgado (Medical Officer); (middle row; l. to r.) Lieuts. A. A. Greenwood, S. W. George, H. L. H. Fisher, F. Howlett, G. W. Olding, M.M., A. P. J. Dugmore, Captain C. G. Norris, M.M., Lieut. H. H. Fletcher, M.B.E., Lieut. H. E. Cooper, M.C., Captain F. D. MacLean; (front row; l. to r.) Captain L. P. Goldney, Captain A. W. Alcock, Major A. F. Kite, M.C., Major B. M. G. Butterworth, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel A. A. M. Durand, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Carne, M.C., Captain G. M. T. Morphew, Lieut. A. H. Thompson, M.M. (Quartermaster), Captain F. A. Bibra, Lieut. S. R. St. John (Adjutant)

The 2½-Litre 18-h.p. Daimler.

HAD it not been for the war, the 1940 model of the 2½-litre Daimler with overdrive would have been a much-discussed car. For to the dignity and quality always associated with its name this car has added the sprightliness of a sports car and an amazing degree of stability. It clings more closely to a quickly taken corner than any car I have tried for a long time. Its steering is in keeping with its stability, while its performance on its second or top gears produces a most satisfying punch in the back when accelerating.

The engine gives some 90 b.h.p., while the open tourer I tested weighed just under 30 cwt. Maximum speed on overdrive was rather over 80 m.p.h., top being almost as fast. First and second speeds gave readings of 25 and 50 m.p.h.

The overdrive is a geared-up fourth speed to be used when conditions are not unfavourable. The ratio is 3'55 to 1 as against the 4'86 to 1 on top. For which reason it provides a peacefulness and sense of power without effort that a lower ratio cannot produce. As a matter of interest I measured the petrol consumption at an average speed of 30-40 m.p.h., first using the overdrive exclusively, and then the top gear. A measured gallon using the overdrive produced 25 miles, an excellent reading for a car of this capacity and type. A second gallon, this time with top only in action, gave nearly 24 miles. And then it occurred to me that, as petrol consumption is mostly a matter of the load carried and the speed averaged, it was not surprising that the two figures were so close. Consulting an expert on this point, I learned that, with certain settings of the carburettor in relation to the richness of the mixture at various speeds, it

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

might on some cars be possible to use the same amount of fuel at widely varying speeds. This would happen, for instance, were the mixture set on the rich side at, say, 30 m.p.h. and correctly at, say, 50 m.p.h.

The overdrive is part of the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear transmission. It is not engaged automatically at a predetermined speed, but is put into action by a pre-selector lever mounted under the steering-wheel. The nicety with which

this control functions is a joy to anyone who appreciates fine mechanism. One can please oneself whether one cruises on overdrive or top. In either case, a safe and comfortable speed of anywhere from 65-75 can be maintained with a minimum of driving effort and absolutely no anxiety. For this Daimler is so amazingly road-conscious that it almost drives itself. And because of its sparkling get-away it's always amusing and interesting to handle.

Motoring When on Leave.

It is fitting that members of the armed forces should be granted a special allowance of petrol during leave. At the moment of writing, the scheme is being worked out and will be communicated to the proper quarters in due course. As regards the licensing of cars during leave, no special privileges are available, and the only thing to be done is to take out the licence for the quarter and then claim the rebate for the unused months. Driving licences must also be taken out in the usual way. Insurance can be provided for the leave period by applying to the company with whom business was done previous to the car being laid up. This is the first thing to be arranged, because the insurance certificate must be produced with the registration book when the vehicle is re-licensed.

(Continued on page ii.)



PUT 'EM UP!

"Bill, d' you know how the Nazi salute originated?"

"No."

"Why, one arm got tired!"



Schweppes, sir,
of course

The Highway of FASHION

By M.E. Brooke



THERE are many things that are absolutely necessary, and among them is Yardley's Laven-der, the lovable fragrance. It is available at prices to suit the state of every one's exchequer. Some of their specialities are pictured above. There is the Lavender gift case for 2s. 6d.; it is a perfect travelling companion, as well as the smelling salts for 3s. Beauty's needs have likewise been considered, there are complexion cream powders and fragrant skin food

WITH justice may it be said that Motoluxe coats are a necessity during the cold weather for travel and country wear. They are warm, light, also decorative. The model seen on the right is 9½ guineas. Note the cross-over revers and flare of the skirt. The Motoluxe hood which is seen in conjunction with it is a separate affair; it costs 25s. These models and many others have gone into residence at Elvery's, 45 Conduit Street

IT is really a pleasure to visit Fenwick's 62-63 New Bond Street. There is a brightness about it which overcomes the blackout. They are responsible for the set on the left. The pullover is of pure long-haired angora (39s. 6d.); gloves to match are 15s. 6d. The turban, in cashmella, is the latter price. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the pullover is reinforced with lastex yarn at the neck; hence it does not sag. Snug coats are priced at 29s. 6d.





CLEANSING CREAM 3/-. 8/6. LEMON CREAM 3/6
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 CREAM 3/-. FOUNDATION LOTION 2/6. FACE
 CLEANSING TISSUES 2/-. FACE POWDER IN
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 AND, OF COURSE, COSMETICS, LIPSTICK,
 NUDE, ROUGE CREAM, EYE SHADOW AND
 FLASH COSMETIQUE, ALL IN MANY SHADES.

“The scene has changed from Mayfair to the muddy fields of the shires. The smart frock has given place to the breeches and leggings of the Land Army. Yet, despite rough work and exposure to all weathers, her loveliness remains unmarred. For care of beauty is neither costly nor troublesome with Number Seven preparations. Made perfect by more than fifty years of Boots’ experience, they are as effective in the rustic billet as they were in the well-appointed boudoir”

Fresh fields for Beauty . . .





TWIN WAR BABIES

These two pedigree Jersey calves were born on the day war broke out and are twins. They were born and live on the Ovaltine Dairy Farm and, like all the country's cattle, have their bit of national service to do

the very latest idea is to eliminate this feature altogether.

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 62)

Characteristics of County Roads.

We are still a long way from the standardization of roads and their "furniture" forecast when the Ministry of Transport took over our trunk-road system a year or two ago. Thus it is not surprising that the characteristics of our roads vary from county to county. For sheer excellence of surface and super-smoothness Warwickshire takes the plum. For the perfection of its detail work and many safety-first features in design Oxfordshire is most notable, while for the idleness of its wayside workers and the fatuousness of many of its so-called improvements Gloucestershire would be hard to beat. One of this county's specialities is the laying of footpath in one material and their subsequent grubbing up and re-laying in another. Thousands of pounds must have been spent on new kerbing, whereas in another part of the country, to wit on the new Winchester by-pass,

improvement, and not war. Even so the early stages of the present war will almost certainly produce some notable advances. I only hope that the censorship department will let us hear something about them. The truth is that we have developed in this country a very large and very able team of technical experts, and although the ignorant laugh at them, they are actually one of our greatest assets in time of war. For this war will not necessarily go to the big battalions, but more likely to the well-equipped air squadrons.

We regret that in our issue of December 27 the title of Lady Eleanor Smith's new novel was inadvertently given as "Mothers' Meeting" instead of "Lovers' Meeting."

In the issue of this paper of December 27 it was stated upon reliable authority that Mrs. Henry Brace had been elected to the Belvoir Hunt Committee. This we understand was wrong information, and what happened was that when at a subscribers' meeting it was suggested that, in the lamentable event of the joint-Masters not being able to carry on a small sub-committee should be formed, Mrs. Brace's name was registered as a potential member. We much regret that the information was incorrect and we apologize.

MR. BENNETT PALMER,
O.B.E.MR. J. R. GALES,
M.B.E.

That the one hundred and thirteen-year-old biscuit business of Messrs. Huntley and Palmers is very much a family affair is shown by the fact that Mr. John Gales who was recently appointed a director is only the fifth director to be recruited from outside the Palmer family which founded the firm and since he has been sales manager for the firm ever since leaving the army in 1920 he is by no means an outsider to them. Mr. Bennett Palmer, another recent recruit to the board, served through the last war in the senior service and was for twenty-five years on the naval reserve, reaching the rank of commander. He has been secretary of Huntley and Palmers since 1921 and is a member of Reading Town Council

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 60)

Advance in the Air.

It was C. R. Fairey, I think, who first pointed out that the commonly accepted theory that, during war, there is a tremendous acceleration of technical development, is belied by the facts. If the war of 1914 is a guide, we may expect during the present war a much slower rate of technical development than during the peace. In speed especially, development was appreciably slower during the 1914-1918 period than during the 1918-1939 period. It was racing and record breaking that acted as the best stimulus to

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Pearl Freeman
MISS VIRGINIA HOLLAND

Younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Holland, of 6 York House, W.8, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Jack Farlow, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Farlow, of Manhoran, Selcroft Road, Piney, Surrey

Mrs. Leslie, of 4 Eton Terrace, Edinburgh, and Miss Sylvia Sharp, elder daughter of Mrs. H. B. Atkinson, of Londiani, Kenya Colony.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Today.

The wedding will take place today at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Mr. Arthur Nicholls, Coldstream Guards and Miss Ann Schuster.

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage will take place in Kenya on March 25

between Mr. Edward John Archibald Leslie, of the Colonial Administrative Service, second son of the late Colonel A. S. Leslie, C.M.G., of Kininvie, Banffshire, and Miss



Burrell and Hardman
MISS ROSEMARY EYRE

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre of Pine Lodge, Nocton, Birkenhead, whose engagement is announced to Lieutenant John Corbett (Royal Welch Fusiliers, Anti-Tank Regiment), son of Major Corbett, D.S.O., and Mrs. Corbett, of Stableford, Bridgnorth

Miss Doris Caroline Keelan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Keelan, 185 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5; Mr. David Gerald Bevan, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, elder son of the late Mr. Maurice Bevan and of Mrs. Maurice Bevan, of Meesden Hall, Buntingford, Hertfordshire, and Miss Anne Madeleine Elliot, only daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Elliot, of Longthorpe House, Peterborough; Mr. Dennis Cawley Milner, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Dennis Milner, of The Tudor

Cottage, Sunningdale, and Miss Joan Aileen Wintour, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Evelyn Wintour, of Shrublands, Sunningdale; Second Lieutenant Athole Stephen Horsford Kemp, Royal Artillery, only son of Sir Joseph Kemp, C.B.E., and Lady Kemp, of Sutton, Surrey, and Miss Alison Bostock, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bostock, of 3 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; Flying Officer Richard George Maddox, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Maddox, of St. Kilda, Dunedin, New Zealand, and Miss Winifred Irene Roberts, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William David Roberts, of Remuera, Auckland, N.Z.




Pearl Freeman
MRS. P. H. PHILLIPS

Who was formerly Miss Joan Margaret Grist, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Grist, of Roundhill, Old Woking. Her husband is Sub-Lieutenant (A) Philip Henley Phillips, R.N.V.R., eldest son of the late Mr. D. Phillips, of Gunnersbury and Mrs. (Nita) Phillips

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Allan James Vincent Arthur, Indian Civil Service, Amritsar, Punjab, elder son of Colonel Sir Charles and Lady Arthur, St. Michael's Manor, St. Albans, and Miss Joan Deidre Heape, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heape, of Calcutta; Captain Lionel Arthur Temple, R.A.S.C., younger son of the Rev. A. L. and Mrs. Temple, of The Craggan House, Sevenoaks, Kent, and

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1 Waistcoat (Grey Flannel) for week-days	1	3/6
1 Pair of Trousers (Grey Flannel) for week-days	1	3/6
1 Pair of Boots or Shoes (black)	1	3/6
1 Pair of Leather Slippers	1	3/6
1 Pair of Bedroom Slippers	1	3/6
1 Day Shirt (Flannel or other soft material)	1	3/6
1 Pyjama Suit	1	3/6
1 Pair of Socks	1	3/6
1 Pouch Handkerchiefs	1	3/6
1 Soft Collar, or a larger number (Soft Collars are usually worn on week-days. They must be white or cream, without stripe or pattern)	1	3/6
1 Starched Collar, or larger number. (Starched collars should be worn on Sundays. They must be white, without stripe or pattern)	1	3/6
1 Under Vest	1	3/6
1 Pair of Pants	1	3/6
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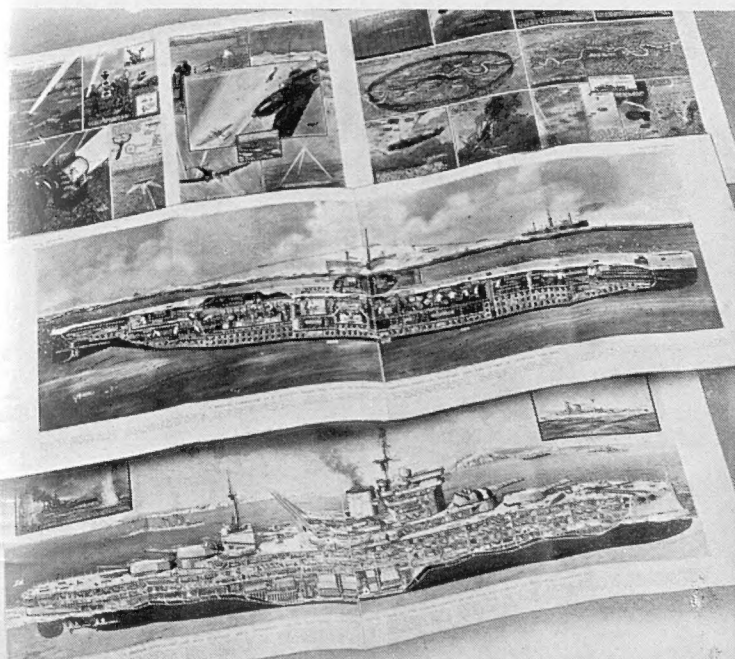
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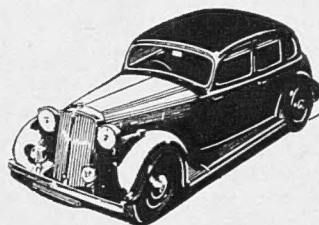
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The Rover Company is being called upon for an increasing amount of specialised Government work—the manufacture of new Rovers is therefore increasingly limited. It follows that the Rover of to-day is more than ever a sound investment. With good care it is possible that not only will it not depreciate, it will actually appreciate in value. And in the meantime its Freewheel (long a standard Rover component) cuts running costs, and such features as Automatic Chassis Lubrication reduce maintenance problems.

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DANDIES

Property of Mrs. Oldham

Fall

received with courtesy. Mr. Buckley possesses the necessary urbanity which I hope will not wear thin! The popularity of the Kennel Club depends very greatly on the personality of the secretary, who can make or mar it. With the war in addition, Mr. Buckley will not have an easy time and I wish him the best of luck.

The Keeshond has only been well known in this country since the last war, but he has made tremendous strides in favour, showing that, to quote the advertisement, he "supplies a long felt want." He is strikingly handsome, very intelligent, and specially good with children, altogether a desirable member of the family. To Mrs. Wingfield Digby belongs the credit of having first introduced the Keeshond to England, though she had them long before 1914. She worked hard to get him well known and must now feel rewarded. Many champions and winners have come from Sherborne Castle. The photograph is of one of the newest of these, Kolago van Zaandam. He won the certificate at Cruft's, then went out of coat and would have been just ready for the autumn shows! He is a lovely dog and a credit to his famous kennel.

The Dandie owes his name to Sir Walter Scott, but there were certainly many dogs of his type on the Border before

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

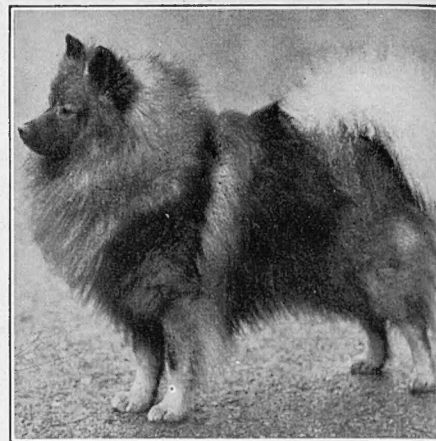
The retirement of the Secretary of the Kennel Club, Mr. Bowell, has been followed by the appointment as secretary of Mr. Ted Buckley. To be secretary of the K.C. is never an easy job. Besides all the routine of accounts, registrations, etc., the secretary has to deal with hundreds of human beings, all wanting something. He must also remember that though most of

the days of Guy Mannering. Though his appearance, and specially his expression, are soft and yearning, this is really misleading, as the Dandie is one of the gamest and most intelligent Terriers living, and he will still face "anything wi' a hairy skin on't." Mrs. Oldham writes an interesting letter about her Dandies. She says: "The Coneygreave Dandies are constant

prize winners, or were, in those far off pre-war times. I am still carrying on as I do not want to lose the strain, and their price goes into War Saving Certificates, so I do not feel unpatriotic, and the new owners get a first-rate dog at a very moderate sum. They are the most comforting of companions, sighing with your sorrows and rejoicing in such joys as Herr Hitler leaves you." The photograph is of Mignonette and her daughter.

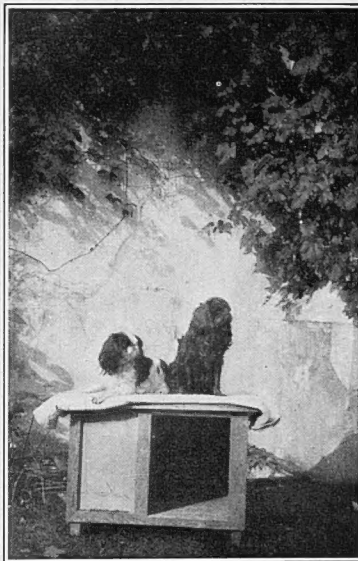
I have been reading old novels lately and am struck by the way the ladies apparently spent all their time swooning and in tears. Very tiresome for their friends, if they really did! It must have been in those days that the designation "Toy" was applied to small dogs, a particularly irritating term. The modern small dog is not a "Toy" in any way; he can walk as well as you can and requires no special treatment. One of the most charming of these small dogs is the King Charles's Spaniel, a dog of great intelligence and ancient lineage. Mrs. Clayton Swan has a well-known kennel of King Charles's and does well with them. She says: "They make such ideal companions for lonely and anxious people, their old name of 'Comforter' so well describes them. Also they are so easy to feed."

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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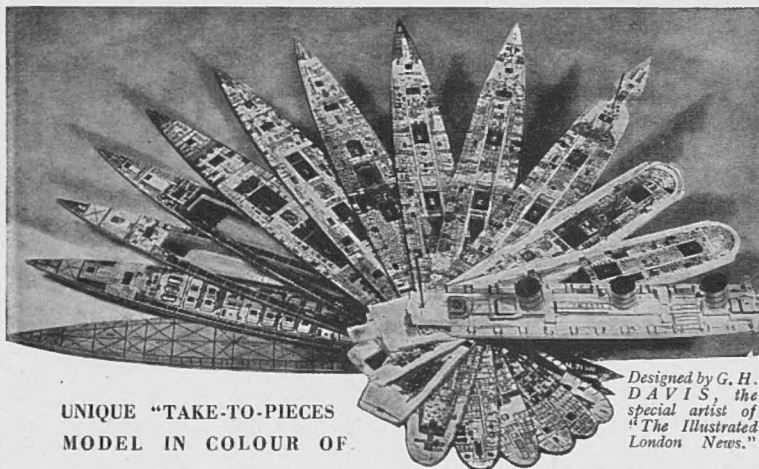
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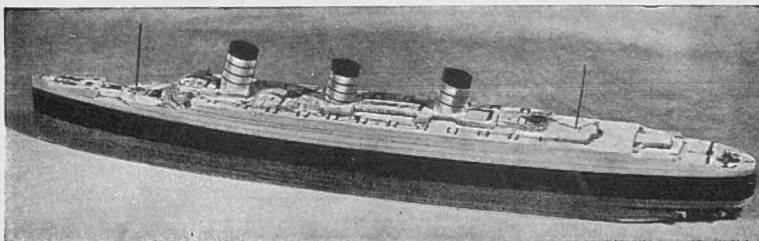
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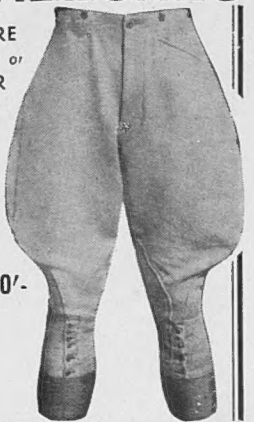


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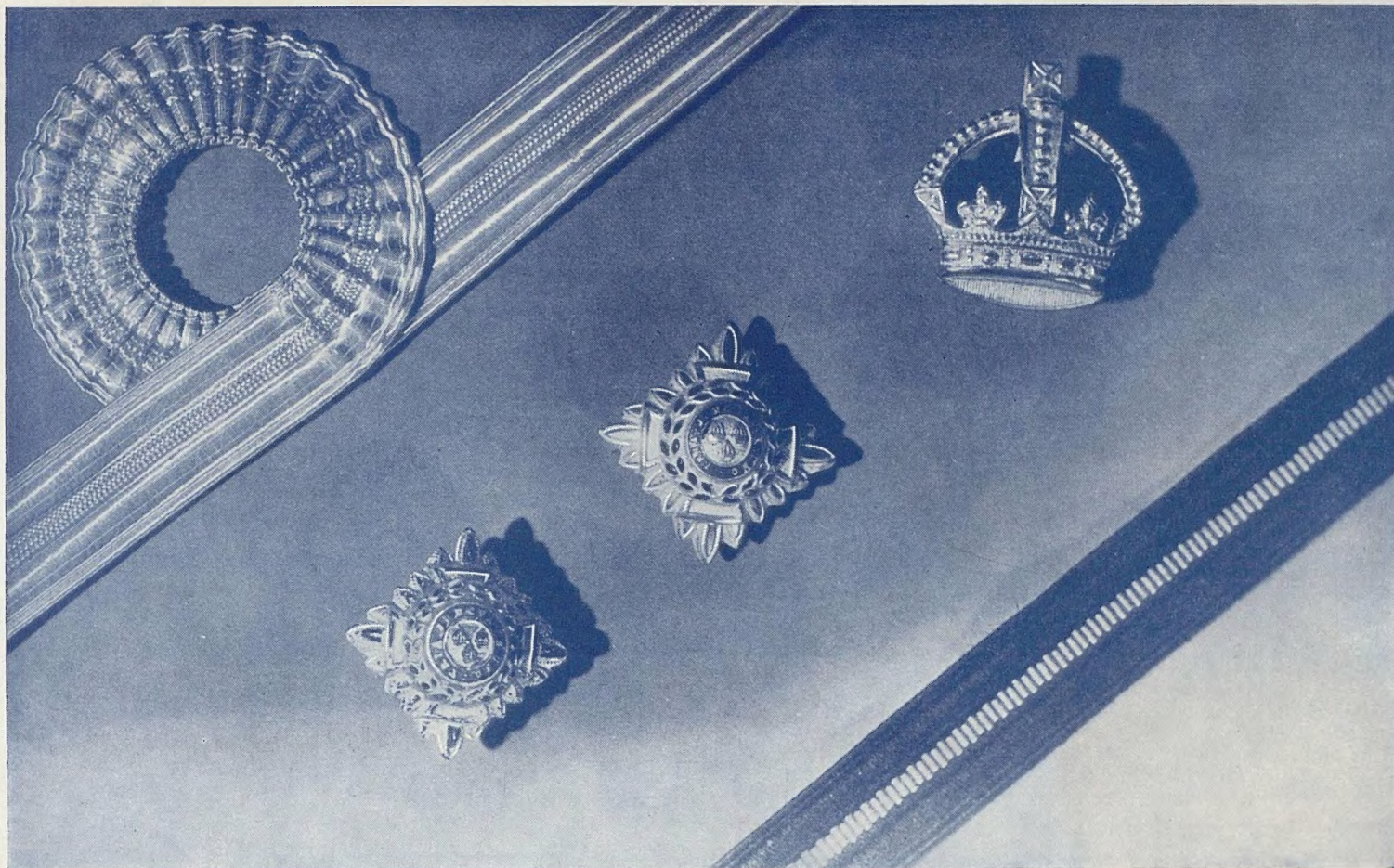
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